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THE NAVY.

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It is no longer possible to take up one's pen to write upon "the Navy" without pain and humiliation. For a long time to come we shall be unable to hear even the name pronounced without finding the mind involuntarily revert to that melancholy night off Finis-terre, in which a perfectly new and highly extolled British man-of-war turned quietly over, and went to the bottom, with five hundred souls on board of her. There have been tragedies at sea in which lives as precious and more numerous have been sacrificed, and although the finished *Captain* cost nearly £400,000, and therefore exceeded in value a whole squadron of such ships as Nelson fought with, more treasure has sometimes been sunk at sea than went down with her. But the greatness of the tragedy in her case lay in the needless nature of the sacrifice, and in the magnitude of the dangers to which, as her loss now reveals even to the least observant, the Navy has been and henceforth is exposed. If there were ground for hope that the capsizing and foundering of the *Captain* would at once fully convert all the influential advocates and admirers of dangerous types of ships, and give to science its just weight in naval affairs, her loss would not be too high a price to pay for that result. But the turret-ship agitation

has spread too widely, and won too many supporters in high places, to justify the hope that the present Revenge of Science will suffice; and I, for one—possessing, as I may safely say, a fuller knowledge of the danger than the public can possibly possess—feel bound to express my apprehension that we may have witnessed but the first of a succession of naval tragedies.

Let us briefly recall the circumstances. Captain Coles was, in England, the reputed inventor of the turret system of mounting naval guns—a system having some advantages and some disadvantages, the number and magnitude of the latter increasing greatly when the system came to be applied to sea-going ships. In the Press, and in Parliament likewise, turret-ships found, however, many advocates, for sea-going as well as for harbour purposes; and as numerous naval officers likewise enrolled themselves on the same side, and declared it desirable to build a sea-going ship of the kind, the Government determined to make the experiment, if it could be made with safety. It became my duty to state that it was an experiment which *could* be made with safety, and to design the ship. I saw nothing in the circumstance that the guns were to be placed in revolving turrets to justify the resort in this ship to very much lower

sides than were usual in other large sea-going iron-clads, although from the central position of the guns some decrease in the height of side appeared practicable. As there was no substantial difference of opinion between the admirals of the Board, the Admiral Controller of the Navy, and myself on the subject, the height was fixed by their Lord-ships' authority at 14 feet, and my design was prepared accordingly. Captain Coles, however, objected to this height of ship; stated that such a ship would not represent his views; and urged the building of a vessel with a much lower side. He was placed in communication with private persons, who undertook to design such a vessel satisfactorily, and he and they together accordingly produced a design which was found to be free from serious objection in all other respects. Attention was called, however, by myself, after making certain calculations, to the necessity for special care in regulating both the weight and the stability of this vessel. The Admiralty ordered a ship from each design, and named them respectively *Monarch* and *Captain*, the former to be built under official care and responsibility, the latter to be committed to the care and responsibility of others. This is the origin of the two great rival iron-clads. In due time both ships were built and completed, the *Monarch* conforming, as I feel bound to say, with singular exactness to her design, and the *Captain* proving as singularly heavy, and having her turret-deck brought down to within $6\frac{1}{2}$ feet of the water—less than even half the height of the *Monarch's*—a state of things which, in my judgment, put all reasonable hope of her ultimate success, as a sea-going man-of-war, out of the question in many ways. The *Monarch* is admitted by all to have been as successful a sea-going vessel as any of the broadside ships, and is certainly free not only from the particular defect which occasioned the loss of the *Captain*, but also from those other defects which attended the low freeboard of the latter ship, and endangered her in other ways as well.

Up to the fatal night of the 6th of September, the *Captain*, however, was as fortunate as the *Monarch* in her reputation. Captain Coles accepted her, and went to sea in her apparently with the most perfect confidence. The designers and builders did the same. Captain Burgoyne, who was for months watching her completion, and must have known every visible feature of her intimately, professed to be one of her warmest admirers. Nor did confidence in the ship stop here. It rose high, and still higher—higher than I will here mention—and away she went to sea. She joined the Channel Squadron, went well through a moderate gale of wind, won very favourable opinions from the admiral in command, and returned proudly to port with the rest of the ships. She was welcomed with a chorus of praises, and when in the course of service she again sailed with the squadron, the chorus was loudly renewed:

"We know what Master laid thy keel,
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel.
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea;
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee."

The triumph of the *Captain* was complete; the defeat of her opponents, of whom I was the first and worst, was no less complete. It was well for the Navy that I was gone from office, and no longer able to resist the multiplication of similar ships. In vain I spoke in the *Times* of the "alarming" nature of the error committed in building the *Captain*: I was told that even the errors made in her contributed to her superiority to all my ships. More definite information of her actual condition reached me at the moment, and I answered that "her stability was compromised;" but the victorious party only saw "animus" and "antagonism" in my suggestions, and would have none of them. The construction of the British Navy had obviously passed out of my hands into the hands of Captain Coles, who better deserved to be trusted. It was only necessary to increase the number of *Captains* largely, and the omnipotence of England would be secured.

For years I had been combating, with

all the advantages of an official position, not the turret system, but the abandonment of scientific principles in its application; and in particular the building of ships with the bad features of this *Captain*; and with no better result than this! For the last year, in particular, the pressure brought to bear upon me in favour of the system had been very great and hard to resist, and added much to that sense of relief with which I relinquished office. The hour of justification would certainly arrive; but for the present—as I had myself no means of calculating her stability in her actual condition, and could not therefore give precise details of her danger—I could only say with Faust—

“Spirit of Contradiction,—well, lead on!”

As my objections to the ship were, however, founded upon the laws of nature and the truths of science, all this clamour—notwithstanding the official character of part of it—did not serve to remove them. On the contrary, I seemed to hear Goethe's Proctophantasmist:—

“How they heard me, in defiance
Of every inference of science!
Friends, I tell you to your faces,
I will make you know your places.”

It must now be patent to the world that all the confidence in the *Captain* which I have sketched, involving as it did a corresponding depreciation of almost the entire iron-clad navy of this country, and a wanton trampling down of scientific principles, was utterly baseless. It has been admitted in evidence that this vaunted ship—from all charge of which I, as the scientific adviser of the Admiralty, had been carefully excluded—was designed, built, and sent to sea by Captain Coles and his coadjutors without any one taking the trouble to calculate whether she possessed the quality of standing up under her canvas or not, her stability at any but small angles of inclination never having been calculated at all! The calculations of her stability at small angles of inclina-

tion, which alone were made, of necessity missed altogether the essential feature of her case, viz. the loss of stability after the immersion of the deck commenced. Those gentlemen who in Parliament were continually urging the Government to adopt Captain Coles' plans never took the trouble to inquire how this was; that little knot of naval officers who pursued a similar course took as little trouble; the “able editors,” who (with more excuse, perhaps) joined them in the same cry, were equally indifferent; and so the thing came to pass as we have seen. To mock at me for requiring conformity to scientific principles was of a piece with this recklessness. And there is this most curious circumstance connected with this tragical affair. The danger of a full-rigged ship with such low sides as the *Captain* actually had—with no side at all worth mentioning when inclined a little—ought to have been suspected by every nautical man who beheld her. I was told, by a naval officer present at the court-martial, that he could not then look at the model of the ship, which was there, without a feeling of horror, so utterly deficient of power to withstand the pressure of her canvas did the ship appear. And yet many a seaman looked at the ship herself without suspecting this obvious danger, so blinding and so baleful is the confidence which public agitation begets, especially when carried into the domain of science.

At the same time there was this truly awful feature in the *Captain's* case: the stability of the ship was of that nature, that when it failed her it would fail her utterly, and almost without note of warning. Insufficient stability in an ordinary ship usually gives abundant evidence of its existence, and the remedy for it is well known. But it is the fatal quality of a rigged ship with low freeboard that she may give no sign of undue crankness, and may even, on the contrary, give evidence of ample stability under ordinary conditions, and up to a certain angle of inclination, and yet be liable at any moment to find her stability fail her utterly under the freshening of the

¹ In Dr. Anster's version, from which these lines are taken, the word here employed has a letter less than I have written.

breeze or the passing of a squall. And this is precisely what happened with the *Captain*. The confidence of Captain Coles in her, which (from some letters that have been printed) appears to have been seriously shaken by my published descriptions of the dangers of rigged ships with low freeboards, is said to have increased as he saw her stand up well under canvas in moderate winds: if this really be so, it is supremely tragical to think of the height to which his natural pride and enthusiasm in his ship probably rose as he saw her career successfully along at a considerable inclination under the eyes of his distinguished commander-in-chief, Sir Alexander Milne. But, alas! even in those moments she was rocking on the very verge of perdition, as the eye of science would clearly have discerned. It is this awful proximity of triumph and ruin—this terrible nearness of life-pride and death-peril, in experiments with ships,—this grinning of the skeleton in the very face of the seaman,—that makes me tremble for the future. Little do many of those who are even now expressing their confident opinions upon the turret-ship question dream of the many subtle dangers that beset it, or of the stern responsibilities and obligations which rest upon those who undertake to create and control the navies of the world in these days of change and innovation.

I have dwelt at this length upon the *Captain's* case (notwithstanding Mr. Scott Russell's very able sketch of it, from another point of view, in the last number of this Magazine), because the future of the Navy is greatly involved in it. It is so, first, because the successful construction of the Navy for the future must absolutely depend upon the disposition and ability of the Government to give its confidence to proper persons, and it is easy to see what risks we run in this respect. And unhappily the stronger the Government, the greater is the risk. I have more to say on this head, but the time for saying it is not yet come: I hope, for the credit of the country and the Government, it may

never come. One thing is perfectly certain, viz. that good political administration will not supply the place of scientific skill in the Admiralty offices.

The next consideration is that if the Government is misleadable, there are, unhappily, plenty to mislead it. That limited class of naval officers, who may almost be counted upon the fingers, but who are active and influential out of all proportion to their numbers and professional knowledge, have already been at their dire work in the columns of the newspapers and elsewhere. One maintains that the great fault in the *Captain* was that she had too little beam; another, that she had too much beam; another, that the position of her centre of gravity only was in fault; another, that the ship was not faulty at all, but faultily handled. They are all most anxious to guard the public against accepting scientific views, and they all, or nearly all, appear to entertain two fixed opinions—first that the centre of gravity of a ship is like an article of store, which can be drawn from the dockyard, and stowed on the upper deck, or in the hold, just as may be convenient; and, secondly, that the laws of nature are like a file of marines, and can be ordered about in the same manner, provided only the proper degree of authority be thrown into the word of command.¹

It is much to be apprehended that some of the more industrious of these gentlemen will ere long be found acting together in favour of some one of the many dangerous forms of the turret-ship which still offer themselves for selection;

¹ The manner in which these gentlemen discuss questions affecting the life and death of thousands of British officers and seamen is well illustrated in the following case:—Rear-Admiral Gardiner Fishbourne found himself so anxious to refute my opinions, which are based upon many years of careful study and experience of this subject, that he wrote a letter, a column and a quarter long, to the *Times*, abounding with figures which were very inaccurate, and at the end said: "I have written off-hand and without any books of reference, and without having given more than a casual thought on the subject for years."

and bring the same insensate pressure to bear upon the Government, through Parliament and the Press, as has proved so disastrous in the present case, the great bulk of the members of the naval service preserving the dignified silence which characterises all but the blatant few.

But it would not be in the least degree fair to the naval service to suppose that members of that profession only will be found among the advocates of fallacious principles and dangerous schemes. That extremely clever and versatile engineer, who by his inventive genius has transformed the iron manufacture of the world, and conferred immense benefits upon all nations—Mr. Henry Bessemer—has furnished a striking example of the lengths to which amateurs may run when they undertake to regulate that great and intricate work, the construction of an iron-clad ship. Mr. Bessemer's scheme¹ has for its object the preservation of the low freeboard in rigged ships, and his method of preventing them from capsizing consists in balancing the topweights by fitting a large mass of iron in a cavity along the line of keel, and lowering it down to a depth of 10 or 12 feet below the keel, by means of massive hydraulic rams, when it is considered necessary, in a gale of wind, for example. That a thoughtful engineer should propose to add to the present accumulation of machinery and heavy weights in an iron-clad cumbrous and costly devices of this nature, for serving such a purpose, is a remarkable circumstance in itself; but I mention the subject here for the purpose of stating that in advocating the proposal he wholly misconceives the very first principles of nautical science. To illustrate this I must quote a few sentences from Mr. Bessemer's letter. He says:—

"As a first condition for stability, it is essential that the centre of gravity of the vessel should in all cases be below the line of flotation. This will insure

the stability of the vessel, so long as the mast is in a vertical position, or nearly so; but the weight of the several parts may nevertheless be so distributed at different distances from metre centre that, on the mast making a considerable angle to the horizon, the centre of gravity may be shifted to a point far above the line of flotation, and then the stability of the vessel will be wholly destroyed, and she would necessarily heel over more and more until she falls on her beam ends. Now, these conditions are but too likely to obtain in ironclad turret-ships, because the chief weight of their armour is above the line of flotation, and the massive turret and guns are placed still higher up, and above all are the heavy masts, easily enough balanced while the vessel remains upright."

Now, in the first place, it is absolutely wrong in science, and contrary to the commonest experience, to say that it is a condition of stability that the centre of gravity of the vessel should in all cases be below the line of flotation. Thousands of ships and vessels have their centres of gravity above the line of flotation, and have abundant, not unfrequently excessive, stability notwithstanding. Imagine a large raft, very broad as well as long, formed of logs of a light wood, say of somewhat less than one-half the specific gravity of water, the logs composing it being placed close together. Its centre of gravity will obviously be situated at the middle of its depth; its line of flotation will be somewhat lower than the middle of its depth; the former will therefore be above the latter. According to Mr. Bessemer, such a raft will not float flatwise. Or imagine a light wooden or steel barge of rectangular sections, and of large proportionate breadth, with its deck equal in weight to the flat bottom. The centre of gravity of this barge, like that of the raft, will be at half its depth, while the water-line may be much below it. Yet is it not contrary to all experience to say that such a barge must capsize? The fact is, Mr. Bessemer's condition is not a condition imposed by

¹ Published in a letter to the *Times* of September 24th.

science, but is a pure chimera. His later observations, quoted above, appear to imply further that the stability of a vessel, even when his condition is fulfilled, will be greatest at and near the upright position—another radical error; and he also seems to speak of the centre of gravity shifting in a fashion unknown to science. I could go on to fill pages of this Magazine with exhibitions of the fallacies put forward, even since the loss of the *Captain*, for the guidance of the Government; but I have already said enough, probably, to show that the task of the Government still is, as it has heretofore been, to steer a right course, not only

“In spite of rock and tempest’s roar,”

but also

“In spite of false lights on the shore.”

The next question is, How far are the naval architects of the Admiralty likely to keep sound principles in mind through all the mass of error that surrounds them, and to make a good fight for such principles whenever necessary? Political influence is often hostile to science,—will they fight it? Naval influence is often equally hostile,—will they contest that? Newspaper influence is the same,—will they resist that? I have already spoken highly of the professional skill and education of Mr. Barnaby, Mr. Barnes, and their colleagues at the Admiralty. I well know also that they are as honest and true to principle as they are able. If I had not had long experience of the weight of the demands that will be laid upon them, I should have no doubt about their perfect success. I regretted to observe, however, that a firmer stand was not made by them at the court-martial respecting the absolute danger of the *Captain*, especially with the actual details of her instability in their hands. I must repeat—at the risk of standing almost alone—that it is to close our eyes to the true scientific import of the late catastrophe, to look to a less spread of canvas, or a more wary use of the sail power, or a somewhat lower centre of gravity, as a sufficient remedy for the

radical and fatal defect which the low freeboard involved in that ship; and I shall not feel satisfied until this is thoroughly admitted by all who seriously influence the designs of our future ships. To lay stress upon the magnitude of the angle of *vanishing stability* is entirely fallacious: the ship is lost long before that inclination is reached, even in a smooth sea. She is on the brink of ruin when the righting force of the sea is not substantially greater than the wind’s force.

Let us now consider what should be the development of the Navy in the future. With regard to iron-clads, there is no doubt in my mind that the great experiment of sea-going turret-ships which has been made in the *Monarch* and the *Captain* should be continued. The *Captain* herself has illustrated the practicability of carrying and working large guns at sea with great efficiency in turrets. The *Monarch* has done the same, the great success of the latter ship having shown that the experiment failed in the *Captain*, not from any inherent defect in the turret system, but from its association in a rigged ship with too low a freeboard. There is much evidence tending to show that the freeboard was in her case too little, even for the thoroughly efficient working of the guns in rough weather. I have been informed by officers of the Channel squadron, who watched the ship most carefully, that it was quite a common thing, with a sea running, for the guns and turrets of the *Captain* to disappear altogether from the view of the other ships; and it must be obvious that at the same time the other ships disappeared from the view of her gunners. Her firing under such circumstances clearly must have been subject to disadvantages which would not have attended, in the same degree, at least, a similar ship with higher freeboard. At the same time, looking at the many advantages in other respects of keeping the ship low, there is reason to believe that a somewhat less height of side than the 14 feet of the *Monarch* would, on the whole, have been preferable. I cannot, at the present moment, speak with

certainly upon this point, because it is by no means established that the sails of the *Captain* were worked satisfactorily on the hurricane-deck. On the contrary, it is pretty certain that the space of that deck was too contracted for the purpose, as I always believed it would be. Taking it for granted that the sails of such ships must be worked from the turret-deck, it does not appear that the *Monarch's* side is at all too high for a ship of her type.

It is not possible, however, to pursue the detailed discussion of the subject in this article: the conclusion at which I have arrived is, that while the construction of sea-going turret-ships should undoubtedly be pursued, it must still be considered an experimental question, both as regards the proportions and details of the turret-ship itself, and as regards the fitness of the best possible ship of the kind to compete with the best ships of the broadside type. I need hardly say, however, that it is the duty of the Government to rigidly exclude from the next sea-going turret-ship that is laid down every feature which would tend to compromise the safety of the ship under the ordinary conditions of the naval service. I shall, I hope, be excused for quoting here the following sentences from the introduction to my work on *Our Iron-clad Ships* bearing upon this point. It was written and published towards the end of 1868, and the last sentence had special reference to what I even then believed to be the defective features of the *Captain* herself:—

“The efficiency of its iron-clad fleet is of foremost importance to a small, isolated maritime country like this; anchored on the edge of a continent like Europe, entrusted with the care of world-wide interests, and charged to maintain its power upon the sea at a time when the spirit of invention is setting at naught all past systems of ocean warfare, and mocking at every trace and tradition of the times when we won our naval renown. In proportion as the past is prolonged into the present we are weakened and endangered; in proportion as the novel capabilities of iron and steam are developed, we are strengthened and made safe. This is no time, then, for clinging to any type of ship, or any feature of naval construction, merely because it is old and

accustomed — no time for rejecting things because they are new and unaccustomed. But, on the other hand, this being pre-eminently a time of risk because of the transitions we are passing through, it is pre-eminently a time for making our great experiments with scrupulous care, and for wasting nothing on method which cannot succeed.”

It will be inferred from what I have just stated, that I believe it to be our duty to continue the construction of broadside ships for the line of battle, taking care to give to such ships that powerful bow and stern fire which will be so very essential in steam warfare, and to which it is now generally acknowledged the broadside system has lent itself more readily than the turret system. It is a very noteworthy fact, and one which it is instructive to reflect upon, that the turret system, which originally professed to give us an all-round fire with large ordnance in sea-going ships, has failed hitherto to accomplish this object. The *Captain*, which we are bound to consider as the most perfect embodiment of the system, in respect of her turret fire, yet produced, was, as I have stated elsewhere, the only iron-clad of her time in which it was impossible to fire even a single gun, no matter how small, right ahead or right astern, from behind the protection of armour. I am not myself convinced that this grave defect is unavoidable; on the contrary, I believe (and on this point I fully concur with Admiral Sir Thomas Symonds, who lately commanded the Channel squadron) that bow and stern fire may be secured with turret guns in a sea-going ship, and that when secured it would give the turret system an element of superiority to other systems which would constitute one of its foremost claims to adoption. Meantime broadside ships, especially those of the larger class, have undergone great developments in this respect, and I have in my possession information respecting the progress that other naval powers are making in this matter, which enables me to state that the duty of giving powerful bow fire to our iron-clad ships presses more strongly than ever upon us.

But although the careful and con-

tinual development of thickness of armour, power of gun, and horizontal range of gun, steadily pursued for the last eight years, under successive Boards of Admiralty of both political parties, and under the enlightened and wisely progressive administration of Sir Spencer Robinson, who has been the Controller of the Navy throughout that eventful period, has contributed enormously to the power of this country, and placed our Navy above the rivalry of foreign nations, it must now be discerned and acknowledged that the time for looking mainly to the above-water armour of our ships, and to the power and scope of their guns, has passed away. The already extended use of the ram for war purposes, and the certainty that torpedos will henceforth be extensively used in ocean warfare, both impose upon the country the necessity of developing the defensive powers—in many classes of vessels the evasive powers—of its war-ships with a view to the resistance and avoidance of these systems of attack. It has long been obvious to thoughtful persons accustomed to reflect upon modern agencies of naval warfare, that the very strength of recent war-ships above water would invite under-water methods of attack, and it is only fair to state that in anticipation of this consequence all our recent ironclads have been constructed below water with an elaborate system of water-tight cellular compartments, in order to localize as much as possible injuries sustained below the armour. Recent experience with torpedos—first with the towed torpedo of Captain Harvey, and secondly with the travelling torpedo of Mr. Whitehead—has shown, however, that the extended use of torpedos against ships at sea will be a matter of such comparative ease, that a new weight of obligation to seek to counteract these terrible devices is laid upon us. It would not be prudent, nor is it necessary, for me to shadow forth in this article the changes in naval construction to which we are thus driven; their development will lay upon the designers of our war-

ships new and difficult duties, requiring them to bring largely into play not only the fixed resources of science to which all may resort, but also those restricted resources to which daring and inventive genius alone can secure liberal access. It is sad to think—although it is undoubtedly true in this as in many others of this world's affairs—that just in proportion as original power and faculty are brought to bear upon the task, misapprehension, misrepresentation, antagonism, and even calumny, will attend upon those who exercise them for the good of the country. But, on the other hand, it is the fortunate ordination of nature that with the power to serve the State is usually associated the power to disregard the revilings of the ignorant and the malevolent.

The only other class of iron-clads requiring special consideration is the coast-defence class. An important question arises with reference to this description of vessel, viz., Will mere harbour ships suffice for the defence of the coast, or should we not for this purpose possess vessels capable of crossing the sea with an assurance of safety? Nothing has been more common during the discussions of late years than the assumption that almost any kind of vessel will do for coast defence, and it has been taken for granted that sea-going ships of an extremely experimental character might be built, on the understanding that, if they failed as ocean cruisers, they would nevertheless be of almost their full value for use on the coasts. The case of the *Captain*, of which I have already said so much, shows that a vessel which proves a failure for sea-going purposes is not always available for the secondary use; but apart from this aspect of the case it is in my opinion a grave error to assume that a ship built for one service is equally useful for the other. My conviction is, first, that a coast-defence vessel should possess features special to herself—such, for example, as moderate draught of water, and steam-power only; and, secondly, that such a vessel should be in all respects capable of taking the sea,

and performing a short voyage in the worst weather, without much risk of loss or injury. Now, it must be acknowledged that, in view of these requirements, the only coast-defence vessels which we at present possess—such as the turret-ships *Royal Sovereign* and *Prince Albert*—are extremely unsuited for the purpose. They have steam-power only, it is true; but they have great draught of water, and neither of them is fit to perform a winter voyage round our own coast. In such a voyage they may encounter conditions of wind and sea as extreme as almost any met with in any part of the globe; and this fact alone indicates the necessity for giving good sea-encountering qualities to all such vessels. The further fact that such vessels ought to be available for a hostile expedition to an enemy's port, is an additional reason for this. I understand that the Government have recently ordered a few turret-ships of moderate draught for coast service; if so, we may admit that a right commencement has been made, but we cannot admit more. The existing coast vessels are unfit even for harbour purposes, owing to their excessive draught of water.

We have but little space left for the consideration of our unarmoured fleet; and fortunately we require but little. In the *Inconstant* we have a ship which far surpasses every other war-ship in the world for fleetness; and in the *Volage* and *Active* we have vessels inferior to her only in so far as their diminished size entails inferiority. The Admiralty are wisely multiplying vessels of both classes, with some minor modifications which will tend to their improvement, and with some, I am sorry to say, which will not. The production of still smaller ships than the *Volage* class, possessing an extreme speed, has lately been made practicable by Sir Joseph Whitworth's improvements in steel, and will no doubt be attempted before long; for it must be acknowledged, to the credit of the Admiralty, that that fatal resistance to outside progress, and that tenacious adherence to what ought long to have passed away, which characterize the action of the War Department,

are unknown in these days at Whitehall. Let justice be done in this matter, and let it be said that if the administrators of the Navy were to change places to-morrow with the administrators of the Army, we should at once cease to present to the world the spectacle of a Government Department busily occupied even now with the manufacture of short-range rifles, bronze field-guns, and ordnance of almost every possible combination which the non-scientific mind of the soldier can devise. There is one respect, however, in which the Admiralty is open to blame in this matter: up to the present moment the Navy is without a projectile which it can fire with confidence and assured success against the armour of an enemy, and equally without those flat-fronted projectiles which alone are efficacious for penetrating an enemy below water. The day may be approaching when the apathy with which the Admiralty have accepted these disabilities from the War Department, who furnish it with guns and projectiles, will be bitterly repented of.

We must now say a few words upon that very important branch of the naval question which concerns the degree of efficiency with which our fleets would be handled in time of war. In considering this I shall not attempt to enter upon a discussion of the numbers of our officers and men, because it is well known that we have officers of nearly all ranks in excess of the actual and prospective requirements of the service; and because the continual development of steam warfare renders the mere question of numbers less and less a matter of anxiety, even as regards our men. At the present time the all-important consideration is the measure of skill which both officers and men possess, and are having imparted to them, in the handling of our ships of war of all classes, including the most modern.

It is but fair to admit at once that the present Government has in more ways than one contributed to the improvement of the service in this respect, for the measures which it has taken have

had a very immediate and active influence of the right kind, so far as they go. The great risk that we run as a nation, in a time of swift transition like the present, is that of neglecting to bring the new agencies of warfare within the ready reach of our officers and men for purposes of *drill*, which is but another word for experience. Now, the distribution of our iron-clad ships, with modern guns and gun-carriages, and modern steam-engines, throughout the various large mercantile ports of the United Kingdom, all in commission as a Coast Guard reserved force, has had a most beneficial effect in this respect, affording the best possible facilities for the training both of the regular and of the reserved naval forces of the country. This policy of giving these forces the very ships and guns which in war they would bring into action, instead of those effete and useless vessels in which formerly nearly all the training of the service was misdirected, cannot be too highly approved; for it effectually banishes that unreadiness which has usually been our bane, and would enable us in the event of a war to strike a prompt as well as a heavy blow.

The system of employing flying squadrons to circumnavigate the globe and visit our distant possessions has likewise the merit of securing a large measure of efficiency in seamanship for our fleet. That this should not be neglected is obvious, when we remember that the naval service of the country abroad must of necessity be very largely performed under sail, and the peculiar fitness of the flying squadron to develop nautical skill, in both officers and men, lies in the fact that the use of coal is all but prohibited in the ships composing it. A very important point to be observed in the working of the flying squadron system is the great desirability of passing as many as possible of our officers and men through this school of practical experience at sea.

The great weakness of the Navy, in

so far as its efficient working is concerned, is the lack of skill that exists in the manœuvring of iron-clad squadrons under steam, and especially at high speeds. And this inefficiency is not confined to squadron duties only, but extends to the performances of the ships taken singly. It is so great, that when a signal is made for the ships to steam at full speed, after due preparation, no one knows whether one of the slower ships of the squadron will not steam away ahead of all the others, and the fastest lag behind, using the words slow and fast as indicative of the comparative performances of the ships when working at their best. This most serious defect in our naval service arises from two causes: first, the enormous expense of repeatedly trying such powerful ships under full steam (in consequence of the coal consumption which would take place), and the consequent inexperience of stokers and engineers; and, secondly, the want of a fuller education on the part of the officers of our Navy, who often baffle the engineering skill of the fleet by arbitrary and ill-advised orders when full-power steam trials and other like experiments are attempted.

For this and other reasons I, for one, hail with pleasure the steps which have been lately taken, and which are understood to be in contemplation, for the purpose of improving the scientific education both of naval cadets and naval officers, Mr. Childers being assisted in this matter by an officer of the very highest qualifications for the purpose—Dr. Woolley, the Director of Education to the Admiralty. No man is more fitted than he to advise measures which will combine a very careful regard to the circumstances of youngsters and officers of the navy with a thoroughly sound and complete knowledge of what the service requires them to know; and I venture to say that in this field the present Admiralty will reap some of the fairest and best fruits of their labours.

SIR HARRY HOTSPUR OF HUMBLETHWAITE.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE NEW SMITHY.

SIR HARRY was sitting alone in the library when the tidings were brought to him that George Hotspur had reached Humblethwaite with a pair of post-horses from Penrith. The old butler, Cloudesdale, brought him the news, and Cloudesdale whispered it into his ears with solemn sorrow. Cloudesdale was well aware that Cousin George was no credit to the house of Humblethwaite. And much about the same time the information was brought to Lady Elizabeth by her housekeeper, and to Emily by her own maid. It was by Cloudesdale's orders that George was shown into the small room near the hall; and he told Sir Harry what he had done in a funereal whisper. Lady Altringham had been quite right in her method of ensuring the general delivery of the information about the house.

Emily flew at once to her mother. "George is here," she said. Mrs. Quick, the housekeeper, was at that moment leaving the room.

"So Quick tells me. What can have brought him, my dear?"

"Why should he not come, Mamma?"

"Because your papa will not make him welcome to the house. Oh, dear,—he knows that. What are we to do?" In a few minutes Mrs. Quick came back again. Sir Harry would be much obliged if her ladyship would go to him. Then it was that the sandwiches and sherry were ordered. It was a compromise on the part of Lady Elizabeth between Emily's prayer that some welcome might be shown, and Sir Harry's presumed determination that the banished man should continue to be regarded as banished. "Take him some

kind of refreshment, Quick;—a glass of wine or something, you know." Then Mrs. Quick had cut the sandwiches with her own hand, and Cloudesdale had given the sherry. "He ain't eaten much, but he's made it up with the wine," said Cloudesdale, when the tray was brought back again.

Lady Elizabeth went down to her husband, and there was a consultation. Sir Harry was quite clear that he would not now, on this day, admit Cousin George as a guest into his house; nor would he see him. To that conclusion he came after his wife had been with him some time. He would not see him, there, at Humblethwaite. If George had anything to say that could not be said in a letter, a meeting might be arranged elsewhere. Sir Harry confessed, however, that he could not see that good results could come from any meeting whatsoever. "The truth is, that I don't want to have anything more to do with him," said Sir Harry. That was all very well, but as Emily's wants in this respect were at variance with her father's, there was a difficulty. Lady Elizabeth pleaded that some kind of civility, at least some mitigation of opposition, should be shown, for Emily's sake. At last she was commissioned to go to Cousin George, to send him away from the house, and, if necessary, to make an appointment between him and Sir Harry at the Crown, at Penrith, for the morrow. Nothing on earth should induce Sir Harry to see his cousin anywhere on his own premises. As for any meeting between Cousin George and Emily, that was, of course, out of the question,—and he must go from Humblethwaite. Such were the instructions with which Lady Elizabeth descended to the little room.

Cousin George came forward with the

pleasantest smile to take Lady Elizabeth by the hand. He was considerably relieved when he saw Lady Elizabeth, because of her he was not afraid. "I do not at all mind waiting," he said. "How is Sir Harry?"

"Quite well."

"And yourself?"

"Pretty well, thank you."

"And Emily?"

Lady Elizabeth knew that in answering him she ought to call her own daughter Miss Hotspur, but she lacked the courage. "Emily is well too. Sir Harry has thought it best that I should come to you and explain that just at present he cannot ask you to Humblethwaite."

"I did not expect it."

"And he had rather not see you himself,—at least not here." Lady Elizabeth had not been instructed to propose a meeting. She had been told rather to avoid it if possible. But, like some other undiplomatic ambassadors, in her desire to be civil, she ran at once to the extremity of the permitted concessions. "If you have anything to say to Sir Harry——"

"I have, Lady Elizabeth; a great deal."

"And if you could write it——"

"I am so bad at writing."

"Then Sir Harry will go over and see you to-morrow at Penrith."

"That will be so very troublesome to him!"

"You need not regard that. At what hour shall he come?"

Cousin George was profuse in declaring that he would be at his cousin's disposal at any hour Sir Harry might select, from six in the morning throughout the day and night. But might he not say a word to Emily? At this proposition Lady Elizabeth shook her head vigorously. It was quite out of the question. Circumstanced as they all were at present, Sir Harry would not think of such a thing. And then it would do no good. Lady Elizabeth did not believe that Emily herself would wish it. At any rate there need be no further talk about it, as any such

interview was at present quite impossible. By all which arguments and refusals, and the tone in which they were pronounced, Cousin George was taught to perceive that, at any rate in the mind of Lady Elizabeth, the process of parental yielding had already commenced.

On all such occasions interviews are bad. The teller of this story ventures to take the opportunity of recommending parents in such cases always to refuse interviews, not only between the young lady and the lover who is to be excluded, but also between themselves and the lover. The vacillating tone—even when the resolve to suppress vacillation has been most determined—is perceived and understood, and at once utilized, by the least argumentative of lovers, even by lovers who are obtuse. The word "never" may be so pronounced as to make the young lady's twenty thousand pounds full present value for ten in the lover's pocket. There should be no arguments, no letters, no interviews; and the young lady's love should be starved by the absence of all other mention of the name, and by the imperturbable good humour on all other matters of those with whom she comes in contact in her own domestic circle. If it be worth anything, it won't be starved; but if starving to death be possible, that is the way to starve it. Lady Elizabeth was a bad ambassador; and Cousin George, when he took his leave, promising to be ready to meet Sir Harry at twelve on the morrow, could almost comfort himself with a prospect of success. He might be successful, if only he could stave off the Walker and Bullbean portion of Mr. Hart's persecution! For he understood that the success of his views at Humblethwaite must postpone the payment by Sir Harry of those moneys for which Mr. Hart and Captain Stubber were so unreasonably greedy. He would have dared to defy the greed, but for the Walker and Bullbean portion of the affair. Sir Harry already knew that he was in debt to these men; already knew with fair accuracy the amount of those debts.

Hart and Stubber could not make him worse in Sir Harry's eyes than he was already, unless the Walker and Bullbean story should be told with the purpose of destroying him. How he did hate Walker and Bullbean and the memory of that evening;—and yet the money which now enabled him to drink champagne at the Penrith Crown was poor Mr. Walker's money! As he was driven back to Penrith he thought of all this, for some moments sadly, and at others almost with triumph. Might not a letter to Mr. Hart, with perhaps a word of truth in it, do some good? That evening, after his champagne, he wrote a letter:—

“DEAR MR. HART,—Things are going uncommon well here, only I hope you will do nothing to disturb just at present. It *must* come off, if a little time is given, and then *every shilling* will be paid. A few pounds more or less won't make any difference. Do arrange this, and you'll find I'll never forget how kind you have been. I've been at Humblethwaite to-day, and things are going quite smooth.

“Yours most sincerely,

“GEORGE HOTSPUR.

“Don't mention Walker's name, and everything shall be settled just as you shall fix.

“The Crown, Penrith, Thursday.”

The moment the letter was written he rang the bell and gave it to the waiter. Such was the valour of drink operating on him now, as it had done when he wrote that other letter to Sir Harry! The drink made him brave to write, and to make attempts, and to dare consequences; but even whilst brave with drink, he knew that the morning's prudence would refuse its assent to such courage; and therefore, to save himself from the effects of the morning's cowardice, he put the letter at once out of his own power of control. After this fashion were arranged most of Cousin George's affairs. Before dinner on that day the evening of which he had passed with Mr. Walker, he had resolved that certain hints given to him by Mr. Bull-

bean should be of no avail to him;—not to that had he yet descended, nor would he so descend;—but with his brandy after dinner divine courage had come, and success had attended the brave. As soon as he was awake on that morning after writing to Mr. Hart, he rang his bell to inquire whether that letter which he had given to the waiter at twelve o'clock last night were still in the house. It was too late. The letter in which so imprudent a mention had been made of Mr. Walker's name was already in the post. “Never mind,” said Cousin George to himself; “None but the brave deserve the fair.” Then he turned round for another nap. It was not much past nine, and Sir Harry would not be there before twelve.

In the meantime there had been hope also and doubt also at Humblethwaite. Sir Harry was not surprised and hardly disappointed when he was told that he was to go to Penrith to see his cousin. The offer had been made by himself, and he was sure that he would not escape with less; and when Emily was told by her mother of the arrangement, she saw in it a way to the fulfilment of the prayer which she had made to her father. She would say nothing to him that evening, leaving to him the opportunity of speaking to her, should he choose to do so. But on the following morning she would repeat her prayer. On that evening not a word was said about George while Sir Harry and Lady Elizabeth were together with their daughter. Emily had made her plan, and she clung to it. Her father was very gentle with her, sitting close to her as she played some pieces of music to him in the evening, caressing her and looking lovingly into her eyes, as he bade God bless her when she left him for the night; but he had determined to say nothing to encourage her. He was still minded that there could be no such encouragement; but he doubted;—in his heart of hearts he doubted. He would still have bought off Cousin George by the sacrifice of half his property, and yet he doubted. After all, there would be some consolation in that

binding together of the name and the property.

"What will you say to him?" Lady Elizabeth asked her husband that night.

"Tell him to go away."

"Nothing more than that?"

"What more is there to say? If he be willing to be bought, I will buy him. I will pay his debts and give him an income."

"You think, then, there can be no hope?"

"Hope!—for whom?"

"For Emily."

"I hope to preserve her—from a—scoundrel." And yet he had thought of the consolation!

Emily was very persistent in carrying out her plan. Prayers at Humblethwaite were always read with admirable punctuality at a quarter past nine, so that breakfast might be commenced at half-past. Sir Harry every week-day was in his own room for three-quarters of an hour before prayers. All this was like clock-work at Humblethwaite. There would always be some man or men with Sir Harry during these three-quarters of an hour,—a tenant, a gamekeeper, a groom, a gardener, or a bailiff. But Emily calculated that if she made her appearance and held her ground, the tenant or the bailiff would give way, and that thus she would ensure a private interview with her father. Were she to wait till after breakfast, this would be difficult. A very few minutes after the half-hour she knocked at the door and was admitted. The village blacksmith was then suggesting a new smithy.

"Papa," said Emily, "if you would allow me half a minute——"

The village blacksmith and the bailiff, who was also present, withdrew, bowing to Emily, who gave to each of them a smile and a nod. They were her old familiar friends, and they looked kindly at her. She was to be their future lady; but was it not all important that their future lord should be a Hotspur?

Sir Harry had thought it not improbable that his daughter would come to him, but would have preferred to avoid

the interview if possible. Here it was, however, and could not be avoided.

"Papa," she said, kissing him, "you are going to Penrith to-day."

"Yes, my dear."

"To see Cousin George?"

"Yes, Emily."

"Will you remember what we were saying the other day;—what I said?"

"I will endeavour to do my duty as best I may," said Sir Harry, after a pause.

"I am sure you will, Papa;—and so do I. I do endeavour to do my duty. Will you not try to help him?"

"Certainly, I will try to help him; for your sake rather than for his own. If I can help him with money, by paying his debts and giving him means to live, I will do so."

"Papa, that is not what I mean."

"What else can I do?"

"Save him from the evil of his ways."

"I will try. I would,—if I knew how,—even if only for the name's sake."

"For my sake also, Papa. Papa, let us do it together; you and I and Mamma. Let him come here."

"It is impossible."

"Let him come here," she said, as though disregarding his refusal. "You need not be afraid of me. I know how much there is to do that will be very hard in doing before any,—any other arrangement can be talked about."

"I am not afraid of you, my child."

"Let him come, then."

"No;—it would do no good. Do you think he would live here quietly?"

"Try him."

"What would people say?"

"Never mind what people would say: he is our cousin; he is your heir. He is the person whom I love best in all the world. Have you not a right to have him here if you wish it? I know what you are thinking of; but, Papa, there can never be anybody else;—never."

"Emily, you will kill me, I think."

"Dear Papa, let us see if we cannot try. And, oh, Papa, pray, pray let me

see him." When she went away the bailiff and the blacksmith returned; but Sir Harry's power of resistance was gone, so that he succumbed to the new smithy without a word.

CHAPTER XX.

COUSIN GEORGE'S SUCCESS.

THOUGHTS crowded quick into the mind of Sir Harry Hotspur as he had himself driven over to Penrith. It was a dull, dreary day in November, and he took the close carriage. The distance was about ten miles, and he had therefore something above an hour for thinking. When men think much, they can rarely decide. The affairs as to which a man has once acknowledged to himself that he may be either wise or foolish, prudent or imprudent, are seldom matters on which he can by any amount of thought bring himself to a purpose which to his own eyes shall be clearly correct. When he can decide without thinking, then he can decide without a doubt, and with perfect satisfaction. But in this matter Sir Harry thought much. There had been various times at which he was quite sure that it was his duty to repudiate this cousin utterly. There had never been a time at which he had been willing to accept him. Nevertheless, at this moment, with all his struggles of thought he could not resolve. Was his higher duty due to his daughter, or to his family,—and through his family to his country, which, as he believed, owed its security and glory to the maintenance of its aristocracy? Would he be justified,—justified in any degree,—in subjecting his child to danger in the hope that his name and family pride might be maintained? Might he take his own desires in that direction as any make-weight towards a compliance with his girl's strong wishes, grounded as they were on quite other reasons? Mr. Boltby had been very eager in telling him that he ought to have nothing to say to this

cousin, had loaded the cousin's name with every imaginable evil epithet; and of Mr. Boltby's truth and honesty there could be no doubt. But then Mr. Boltby had certainly exceeded his duty, and was of course disposed, by his professional view of the matter, to think any step the wisest which would tend to save the property from dangerous hands. Sir Harry felt that there were things to be saved of more value than the property;—the family, the title, perhaps that reprobate cousin himself; and then, above all, his child. He did believe that his child would not smile for him again, unless he would consent to make some effort in favour of her lover.

Doubtless the man was very bad. Sir Harry was sick at heart as he thought of the evil nature of the young man's vices. Of a man debauched in his life, extravagant with his money, even of a gambler, a drunkard, one fond of low men and of low women;—of one even such as this there might be hope, and the vicious man, if he will give up his vices, may still be loved and at last respected. But of a liar, a swindler, one mean as well as vicious, what hope could there be? It was essential to Sir Harry that the husband of his daughter should at any rate be a gentleman. The man's blood, indeed, was good; and blood will show at last, let the mud be ever so deep. So said Sir Harry to himself. And Emily would consent that the man should be tried by what severest fire might be kindled for the trying of him. If there were any gold there, it might be possible to send the dross adrift, and to get the gold without alloy. Could Lady Altringham have read Sir Harry's mind as his carriage was pulled up, just at twelve o'clock, at the door of the Penrith Crown, she would have been stronger than ever in her belief that young lovers, if they be firm, can always conquer opposing parents.

But alas! alas! there was no gold with this dross, and in that matter of blood, as to which Sir Harry's ideas were so strong, and indeed so noble, he entertained but a muddled theory

Noblesse oblige. High position will demand, and will often exact, high work. But that rule holds as good with a Buonaparte as with a Bourbon, with a Cromwell as with a Stuart; and succeeds as often and fails as often with the low-born as with the high. And good blood, too, will have its effect,—physical for the most part,—and will produce bottom, lasting courage, that capacity of carrying on through the mud to which Sir Harry was wont to allude; but good blood will bring no man back to honesty. The two things together, no doubt, assist in producing the highest order of self-denying man.

When Sir Harry got out of his carriage, he had not yet made up his mind. The waiter had been told that he was expected, and showed him up at once into the large sitting-room looking out into the street, which Cousin George had bespoke for the occasion. He had had a smaller room himself, but had been smoking there, and at this moment in that room there were a decanter and a wine-glass on the chiffonier in one corner. He had heard the bustle of the arrival, and had at once gone into the saloon, prepared for the reception of the great man. "I am so sorry to give you this trouble," said Cousin George, coming forward to greet his uncle.

Sir Harry could not refuse his cousin's hand, though he would willingly have done so, had it been possible. "I should not mind the trouble," he said, "if it were of any use. I fear it can be of none."

"I hope you will not be prejudiced against me, Sir Harry."

"I trust that I am not prejudiced against any one. What is it that you wish me to do?"

"I want permission to go to Humblethwaite, as a suitor for your daughter's hand." So far Cousin George had prepared his speech beforehand.

"And what have you to recommend you to a father for such permission? Do you not know, sir, that when a gentleman proposes to a lady it is his duty to show that he is in a condition fit for the position which he seeks; that in

character, in means, in rank, in conduct, he is at least her equal."

"As for our rank, Sir Harry, it is the same."

"And for your means? You know that my daughter is my heiress?"

"I do; but it is not that that has brought me to her. Of course, I have nothing. But then, you know, though she will inherit the estates, I must inherit—"

"If you please, sir, we will not go into all that again," said Sir Harry, interrupting him. "I explained to you before, sir, that I would have admitted your future rank as a counterpoise to her fortune, if I could have trusted your character. I cannot trust it. I do not know why you should thrust upon me the necessity of saying all this again. As I believe that you are in pecuniary distress, I made you an offer which I thought to be liberal."

"It was liberal, but it did not suit me to accept it." George had an inkling of what would pass within Sir Harry's bosom as to the acceptance or rejection of that offer. "I wrote to you, declining it, and as I have received no answer, I thought that I would just run down. What was I to do?"

"Do? How can I tell? Pay your debts. The money was offered you."

"I cannot give up my cousin. Has she been allowed to receive the letter which I left for her yesterday?"

Now Sir Harry had doubted much in his own mind as to the letter. During that morning's interview it had still been in his own possession. As he was preparing to leave the house he had made up his mind that she should have it; and Lady Elizabeth had been commissioned to give it her, not without instruction and explanation. Her father would not keep it from her, because he trusted her implicitly; but she was to understand that it could mean nothing to her, and that the letter must not of course be answered.

"It does not matter whether she did or did not," said Sir Harry. "I ask you again, whether you will accept the offer made you by Mr. Bolby, and give

me your written promise not to renew this suit."

"I cannot do that, Sir Harry."

Sir Harry did not know how to proceed with the interview. As he had come there, some proposition must be made by himself. Had he intended to be altogether obstinate he should have remained at Humblethwaite, and kept his cousin altogether out of the house. And now his daughter's prayers were ringing in his ears: "Dear Papa, let us see if we cannot try." And then again that assurance which she had made him so solemnly; "Papa, there never can be anybody else!" If the black sheep could be washed white, the good of such washing would on every side be so great! He would have to blush,—let the washing be ever so perfect,—he must always blush in having such a son-in-law; but he had been forced to acknowledge to himself of late, that there was infinitely more of trouble and shame in this world than of joy or honour. Was it not in itself a disgrace that a Hotspur should do such things as this cousin had done; and a disgrace also that his daughter should have loved a man so unfit to be her lover? And then from day to day, and from hour to hour, he remembered that these ills were added to the death of that son, who, had he lived, would have been such a glory to him. More of trouble and disgrace! Was it not all trouble and disgrace? He would have wished that the day might come for him to go away, and leave it all, were it not that for one placed as he was placed his own life would not see the end of these troubles. He must endeavour to provide that everything should not go to utter ruin as soon as he should have taken his departure.

He walked about the room, again trying to think. Or, perhaps, all thinking was over with him now, and he was resolving in his own mind how best he might begin to yield. He must obey his daughter. He could not break the heart of the only child that was left to him. He had no delight in the world other than what came to him reflected

back from her. He felt now as though he was simply a steward endeavouring on her behalf to manage things to the best advantage; but still only a steward, and as such only a servant who could not at last decide on the mode of management to be adopted. He could endeavour to persuade, but she must decide. Now his daughter had decided, and he must begin this task, so utterly distasteful to him, of endeavouring to wash the blackamoor white.

"What are you willing to do?" he asked.

"How to do, Sir Harry?"

"You have led a bad life."

"I suppose I have, Sir Harry."

"How will you show yourself willing to reform it?"

"Only pay my debts and set me up with ready money, and I'll go along as slick as grease!" Thus would Cousin George have answered the question had he spoken his mind freely. But he knew that he might not be so explicit. He must promise much; but, of course, in making his promise he must arrange about his debts. "I'll do almost anything you like. Only try me. Of course, it would be so much easier if those debts were paid off. I'll give up races altogether, if you mean that, Sir Harry. Indeed, I'm ready to give up anything."

"Will you give up London?"

"London!" In simple truth, George did not quite understand the proposition.

"Yes; will you leave London? Will you go and live at Scarrowby, and learn to look after the farm and the place?"

George's face fell,—his face being less used to lying than his tongue; but his tongue lied at once: "Oh yes, certainly, if you wish it. I should rather like a life of that sort. For how long would it be?"

"For two years," said Sir Harry, grimly.

Cousin George, in truth, did not understand. He thought that he was to take his bride with him when he went to Scarrowby. "Perhaps Emily would not like it," he said.

"It is what she desires. You do not

suppose that she knows so little of your past life as to be willing to trust herself into your hands at once. She is attached to you."

"And so am I to her; on my honour I am. I'm sure you don't doubt that."

Sir Harry doubted every word that fell from his cousin's mouth, but still he persevered. He could perceive though he could not analyse, and there was hardly a tone which poor Cousin George used which did not discourage the Baronet. Still he persevered. He must persevere now, even if it were only to prove to Emily how much of basest clay and how little of gold there was in this image.

"She is attached to you," he continued, "and you bear our name, and will be the head of our family. If you will submit yourself to a reformed life, and will prove that you are fit for her, it may be possible that after years she should be your wife."

"After years, Sir Harry?"

"Yes, sir,—after years. Do you suppose that the happiness of such an one as she can be trusted to such keeping as yours without a trial of you? You will find that she has no such hope herself."

"Oh, of course; what she likes——"

"I will pay your debts; on condition that Mr. Boltby is satisfied that he has the entire list of them."

George, as he heard this, at once determined that he must persuade Mr. Hart to include Mr. Walker's little account in that due to himself. It was only a matter of a few hundreds, and might surely be arranged when so much real money would be passing from hand to hand.

"I will pay everything; you shall then go down to Scarrowby, and the house shall be prepared for you."

It wasn't supposed, George thought, that he was absolutely to live in solitary confinement at Scarrowby. He might have a friend or two, and then the station was very near.

"You are fond of shooting, and you will have plenty of it there. We will get you made a magistrate for the county,

and there is much to do in looking after the property." Sir Harry became almost good-humoured in his tone as he described the kind of life which he intended that the blackamoor should live. "We will come to you for a month each year, and then you can come to us for a while."

"When shall it begin?" asked Cousin George, as soon as the Baronet paused. This was a question difficult to be answered. In fact, the arrangement must be commenced at once. Sir Harry knew very well that, having so far yielded, he must take his cousin back with him to Humblethwaite. He must keep his cousin now in his possession till all those debts should be paid, and till the house at Scarrowby should be prepared; and he must trust to his daughter's prudence and high sense of right not to treat her lover with too tender an acknowledgment of her love till he should have been made to pass through the fire of reform.

"You had better get ready and come back to Humblethwaite with me now," said Sir Harry.

Within five minutes after that, there was bustling about the passages and hall of the Crown hotel. Everybody in the house, from the august landlord down to the humble stableboy, knew that there had been a reconciliation between Sir Harry and his cousin, and that the cousin was to be made welcome to all the good the gods could give. While Cousin George was packing his things, Sir Harry called for the bill and paid it,—without looking at it, because he would not examine how the blackamoor had lived while he was still a blackamoor.

"I wonder whether he observed the brandy," thought Cousin George to himself.

CHAPTER-XXI.

EMILY HOTSPUR'S SERMON.

THE greater portion of the journey back to Humblethwaite was passed in silence. Sir Harry had undertaken an experi-

ment in which he had no faith himself and was sad at heart. Cousin George was cowed, half afraid, and yet half triumphant. Could it be possible that he should "pull through" after all? Some things had gone so well with him. His lady friends had been so true to him! Lady Altringham, and then Mrs. Morton,—how good they had been! Dear Lucy! He would never forget her. And Emily was such a brick! He was going to see his Emily, and that would be "so jolly." Nevertheless he did acknowledge to himself that an Emily prepared to assist her father in sending her lover through the fire of reform, would not be altogether "so jolly" as the Emily who had leaned against him on the bridge at Airey Force, while his arm had been tightly clasped round her waist. He was alive to the fact that romance must give place to business.

When they had entered the park-gates Sir Harry spoke. "You must understand, George,"—he had not called him George before since the engagement had been made known to him,—"*that you cannot yet be admitted here as my daughter's accepted suitor,—as might have been the case had your past life been different.*"

"I see all that," said Cousin George.

"It is right that I should tell you so; but I trust implicitly to Emily's high sense of duty and propriety. And now that you are here, George, I trust that it may be for your advantage and for ours."

Then he pressed his cousin's hand, if not with affection, at least with sincerity.

"I'm sure it is to be all right now," said George, calculating whether he would be able to escape to London for a few days, so that he might be able to arrange that little matter with Mr. Hart. They couldn't suppose that he would be able to leave London for two years without a day's notice!

Sir Harry got out of the carriage at the front door, and desired Cousin George to follow him into the house. He turned at once into the small room

where George had drunk the sherry, and desired that Lady Elizabeth might be sent to him.

"My dear," said he, "I have brought George back with me. We will do the best that we can. Mrs. Quick will have a room for him. You had better tell Emily, and let her come to me for a moment before she sees her cousin." This was all said in George's hearing. And then Sir Harry went, leaving his cousin in the hands of Lady Elizabeth.

"I am glad to see you back again, George," she said, with a melancholy voice.

Cousin George smiled, and said that "it would be all right."

"I am sure I hope so, for my girl's sake. But there must be a great change, George."

"No end of a change," said Cousin George, who was not in the least afraid of Lady Elizabeth.

Many things of moment had to be done in the house that day before dinner. In the first place there was a long interview between the father and daughter. For a few minutes, perhaps, he was really happy when she was kneeling with her arms upon his knees, thanking him for what he had done, while tears of joy were streaming down her cheeks. He would not bring himself to say a word of caution to her. Would it not be to paint the snow white to caution her as to her conduct?

"I have done as you bade me in everything," he said. "I have proposed to him that he should go to Scarrowby. It may be that it will be your home for a while, dear."

She thanked him and kissed him again and again. She would be so good. She would do all she could to deserve his kindness. And as for George,—"*Pray, Papa, don't think that I suppose that it can be all done quite at once.*" Nevertheless it was in that direction that her thoughts erred. It did seem to her that the hard part of the work was already done, and that now the pleasant paths of virtue were to be trod with happy and persistent feet.

"You had better see him in your mother's presence, dearest, before dinner; and then the awkwardness will be less afterwards."

She kissed him again, and ran from his room up to her mother's apartment, taking some back stairs well known to herself, lest she should by chance meet her lover after some undue and unprepared fashion. And there she could sit down and think of it all! She would be very discreet. He should be made to understand at once that the purgation must be thorough, the reform complete. She would acknowledge her love to him,—her great and abiding love; but of lover's tenderness there could be but little,—almost none,—till the fire had done its work, and the gold should have been separated from the dross. She had had her way so far, and they should find that she had deserved it.

Before dinner Sir Harry wrote a letter to his lawyer. The mail-cart passed through the village on its way to Penrith late in the evening, and there was time for him to save the post. He thought it incumbent on him to let Mr. Boltby know that he had changed his mind; and, though the writing of the letter was not an agreeable task, he did it at once. He said nothing to Mr. Boltby directly about his daughter, but he made it known to that gentleman that Cousin George was at present a guest at Humblethwaite, and that he intended to pay all the debts without entering into any other specific engagements. Would Mr. Boltby have the goodness to make out a schedule of the debts? Captain Hotspur should be instructed to give Mr. Boltby at once all the necessary information by letter. Then Sir Harry went on to say that perhaps the opinions formed in reference to Captain Hotspur had been too severe. He was ashamed of himself as he wrote these words, but still they were written. If the blackamoer was to be washed white, the washing must be carried out at all times, at all seasons, and in every possible manner, till the

world should begin to see that the blackness was going out of the skin.

Cousin George was summoned to meet the girl who loved him in her mother's morning-room, before they dressed for dinner. He did not know at all in what way to conduct himself. He had not given a moment's thought to it till the difficulty flashed upon him as she entered the apartment. But she had considered it all. She came up to him quickly, and gave him her lips to kiss, standing there in her mother's presence.

"George," she said, "dear George! I am so glad that you are here."

It was the first; and it should be the last,—till the fire had done its work; till the fire should at least have done so much of its work as to make the remainder easy and fairly sure. He had little to say for himself, but muttered something about his being the happiest fellow in the world. It was a position in which a man could hardly behave well, and neither the mother nor the daughter expected much from him. A man cannot bear himself gracefully under the weight of a pardon as a woman may do. A man chooses generally that it shall be assumed by those with whom he is closely connected that he has done and is doing no wrong; and, when wronged, he professes to forgive and to forget in silence. To a woman the act of forgiveness, either accepted or bestowed, is itself a pleasure. A few words were then spoken, mostly by Lady Elizabeth, and the three separated to prepare for dinner.

The next day passed over them at Humblethwaite Hall very quietly, but with some mild satisfaction. Sir Harry told his cousin of the letter to his lawyer, and desired George to make out and send by that day's post such a schedule as might be possible on the spur of the moment.

"Hadn't I better run up and see Mr. Boltby?" said Cousin George.

But to this Sir Harry was opposed. Let any calls for money reach them there. Whatever the calls might be,

he at any rate could pay them. Cousin George repeated his suggestion; but acquiesced when Sir Harry frowned and showed his displeasure. He did make out a schedule, and did write a letter to Mr. Bolby.

"I think my debt to Mr. Hart was put down as 3,250*l.*," he wrote, "but I believe I should have added another 350*l.* for a transaction as to which I fancy he does not hold my note of hand. But the money is due."

He was fool enough to think that Mr. Walker's claim might be liquidated after this fashion. In the afternoon they rode together,—the father, the daughter, and the blackamoor, and much was told to Cousin George as to the nature of the property. The names of the tenants were mentioned, and the boundaries of the farms were pointed out to him. He was thinking all the time whether Mr. Hart would spare him.

But Emily Hotspur, though she had been thus reticent and quiet in her joy, though she was resolved to be discreet and knew that there were circumstances in her engagement which would for a while deter her from being with her accepted lover as other girls are with theirs, did not mean to estrange herself from her Cousin George. If she were to do so, how was she to assist, and take, as she hoped to do, the first part in that task of refining the gold on which they were all now intent? She was to correspond with him when he was at Scarrowby. Such was her present programme, and Sir Harry had made no objection when she declared her purpose. Of course they must understand each other, and have communion together. On the third day, therefore, it was arranged that they two should walk, without other company, about the place. She must show him her own gardens, which were at some distance from the house. If the truth be told, it must be owned that George somewhat dreaded the afternoon's amusement; but had she demanded of him to sit down to listen to her while she read to him a sermon, he would not have refused.

To be didactic and at the same time demonstrative of affection is difficult, even with mothers towards their children, though with them the assumption of authority creates no sense of injury. Emily specially desired to point out to the erring one the paths of virtue, and yet to do so without being oppressive. "It is so nice to have you here, George," she said.

"Yes, indeed; isn't it?" He was walking beside her, and as yet they were within view of the house.

"Papa has been so good; isn't he good?"

"Indeed he is. The best man I know of," said George, thinking that his gratitude would have been stronger had the Baronet given him the money and allowed him to go up to London to settle his own debts.

"And Mamma has been so kind! Mamma is very fond of you, I am sure she would do anything for you."

"And you?" said George, looking into her face.

"I!—As for me, George, it is a matter of course now. You do not want to be told again what is and ever must be my first interest in the world."

"I do not care how often you tell me."

"But you know it; don't you?"

"I know what you said at the waterfall, Emily."

"What I said then I said for always. You may be sure of that. I told Mamma so, and Papa. If they had not wanted me to love you, they should not have asked you to come here. I do love you, and I hope that some day I may be your wife." She was not leaning on his arm, but as she spoke she stopped, and looked steadfastly into his face. He put out his hand as though to take hers; but she shook her head, refusing it. "No, George; come on. I want to talk to you a great deal. I want to say ever so much,—now, to-day. I hope that some day I may be your wife. If I am not, I shall never be any man's wife."

"What does some day mean, Emily?"

"Ever so long;—years, perhaps."

"But why? A fellow has to be con-

sulted, you know, as well as yourself. What is the use of waiting? I know Sir Harry thinks I have been very fond of pleasure. How can I better show him how willing I am to give it up than by marrying and settling down at once? I don't see what's to be got by waiting."

Of course she must tell him the truth. She had no idea of keeping back the truth. She loved him with all her heart, and was resolved to marry him; but the dross must first be purged from the gold. "Of course you know, George, that Papa has made objections."

"I know he did, but that is over now. I am to go and live at Scarrowby at once, and have the shooting. He can't want me to remain there all by myself."

"But he does; and so do I."

"Why?"

In order that he might be made clean by the fire of solitude and the hammer of hard work. She could not quite say this to him. "You know, George, your life has been one of pleasure."

"I was in the army,—for some years."

"But you left it, and you took to going to races, and they say that you gambled and are in debt, and you have been reckless. Is not that true, George?"

"It is true."

"And can you wonder that Papa should be afraid to trust his only child and all his property to one who,—who knows that he has been reckless? But if you can show, for a year or two, that you can give up all that——"

"Wouldn't it be all given up if we were married?"

"Indeed, I hope so. I should break my heart otherwise. But can you wonder that Papa should wish for some delay and some proof?"

"Two years!"

"Is that much? If I find you doing what he wishes, these two years will be so happy to me! We shall come and see you, and you will come here. I have never liked Scarrowby, because it is not pretty, as this place is; but, oh, how I shall like to go there now! And when you are here, Papa will get to be so fond of you. You will be like a

real son to him. Only you must be steady."

"Steady! by Jove, yes. A fellow will have to be steady at Scarrowby." The perfume of the cleanliness of the life proposed to him was not sweet to his nostrils.

She did not like this, but she knew that she could not have everything at once. "You must know," she said, "that there is a bargain between me and Papa. I told him that I should tell you everything."

"Yes; I ought to be told everything."

"It is he that shall fix the day. He is to do so much, that he has a right to that. I shall never press him, and you must not."

"Oh, but I shall."

"It will be of no use; and, George, I won't let you. I shall scold you if you do. When he thinks that you have learned how to manage the property, and that your mind is set upon that kind of work, and that there are no more races,—mind, and no betting, then,—then he will consent. And I will tell you something more if you would like to hear it."

"Something pleasant, is it?"

"When he does, and tells me that he is not afraid to give me to you, I shall be the happiest girl in all England. Is that pleasant?—No, George, no; I will not have it."

"Not give me one kiss?"

"I gave you one when you came, to show you that in truth I loved you. I will give you another, when Papa says that everything is right."

"Not till then?"

"No, George, not till then. But I shall love you just the same. I cannot love you better than I do."

He had nothing for it but to submit, and was obliged to be content during the remainder of their long walk with talking of his future life at Scarrowby. It was clearly her idea that he should be head-farmer, head-steward, head-accountant, and general workman for the whole place. When he talked about the game, she brought him back to the

plough;—so at least he declared to himself. And he could elicit no sympathy from her when he reminded her that the nearest meet of hounds was twenty miles and more from Scarrowby. "You can think of other things for a while," she said. He was obliged to say that he would, but it did seem to him that Scarrowby was a sort of penal servitude to which he was about to be sent with his own concurrence. The scent of the cleanliness was odious to him.

"I don't know what I shall do there of an evening," he said.

"Read," she answered; "there are lots of books, and you can always have the magazines. I will send them to you." It was a very dreary prospect of life for him, but he could not tell her that it would be absolutely unendurable.

When their walk was over,—a walk which she never could forget, however long might be her life, so earnest had been her purpose,—he was left alone, and took another stroll by himself. How would it suit him? Was it possible? Could the event "come off"? Might it not have been better for him had he allowed his other loving friend to prepare for him the letter to the Baronet, in which Sir Harry's munificent offer would have been accepted? Let us do him the justice to remember that he was quite incapable of understanding the misery, the utter ruin which that letter would have entailed upon her who loved him so well. He knew nothing of such sufferings as would have been hers;—as must be hers, for had

she not already fallen haplessly into the pit when she had once allowed herself to fix her heart upon a thing so base as this? It might have been better, he thought, if that letter had been written. A dim dull idea came upon him that he was not fit to be this girl's husband. He could not find his joys where she would find hers. No doubt it would be a grand thing to own Humblethwaite and Scarrowby at some future time; but Sir Harry might live for these twenty years, and while Sir Harry lived he must be a slave. And then he thought that upon the whole he liked Lucy Morton better than Emily Hotspur. He could say what he chose to Lucy, and smoke in her presence, own that he was fond of drink, and obtain some sympathy for his "book" on the Derby. He began to feel already that he did not like sermons from the girl of his heart.

But he had chosen this side now, and he must go on with the game. It seemed certain to him that his debts would at any rate be paid. He was not at all certain how matters might go in reference to Mr. Walker, but if matters came to the worst the Baronet would probably be willing to buy him off again with the promised income. Nevertheless, he was not comfortable, and certainly did not shine at Sir Harry's table. "Why she has loved him, what she has seen in him, I cannot tell," said Sir Harry to his wife that night.

We must presume Sir Harry did not know how it is that the birds pair.

To be concluded in the next Number.

UNCONSCIOUS CEREBRATION.

A PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY.

BY FRANCES POWER COBBE.

THE old Hebrew necromancers were said to obtain oracles by means of Teraphim. A Teraph was the decapitated head of a child, placed on a pillar and compelled by magic to reply to the questions of the sorcerer. Let us suppose, for the sake of illustration, that the legends of such enchantments rest on some groundwork of fact; and that it might be possible, by galvanism or similar agency, to make a human corpse speak, as a dead sheep may be made to bleat. Further, let us suppose that the Teraph only responded to inquiries regarding facts known to the owner of the head while living, and therefore (it may be imagined) impressed in some manner upon the brain to be operated on.

In such a Teraph we should, I conceive, possess a fair representation of the mental part of human nature, as it is understood by a school of thinkers, considerable in all ages, but especially so at present. "The brain itself," according to this doctrine, "the white and grey matter, such as we see and touch it, irrespective of any imaginary entity beside, performs the functions of Thought and Memory. To go beyond this all-sufficient brain, and assume that our conscious selves are distinct from it, and somewhat else beside the sum-total of its action, is to indulge an hypothesis unsupported by a tittle of scientific evidence. Needless to add, the still further assumption, that the conscious self may possibly survive the dissolution of the brain, is absolutely unwarrantable."

It is my very ambitious hope to show, in the following pages, that, should physiology establish the fact that the brain, by its automatic action, performs all the functions which we have been wont to attribute to "Mind," that great discovery will stand alone, and will not determine, as supposed, the

further steps of the argument; namely, that our conscious selves are nothing more than the sum of the action of our brains during life, and that there is no room to hope that they may survive their dissolution.

I hope to show, not only that these conclusions do not necessarily flow from the premisses, but that, accepting the premisses, we may logically arrive at opposite conclusions. I hope to deduce, from the study of one class of cerebral phenomena, a presumption of the *separability* of the conscious Self from the thinking brain; and thus, while admitting that "Thought may be a function of Matter," demonstrate that the Self in each of us is not identifiable with that which, for want of a better word, we call "Matter." The immeasurable difference between such a remembering lip-moving Teraph as we have supposed and a conscious Man indicates, as I conceive, the gulf leaped over by those who conclude that, if the brain can be proved to think, the case is closed against believers in the spirituality and immortality of our race.

In brief, it is my aim to draw from such an easy and every-day psychological study as may be verified by every reader for himself, an argument for belief in the entire *separability* of the conscious self from its thinking organ, the physical brain. Whether we choose still to call the one "Spirit" and the other "Matter," or to confess that the definitions which our fathers gave to those terms have ceased to be valid in the light of modern science—that "Matter" means only "a form of Force," and that "Spirit" is merely "an unmeaning term for an unknown thing"—this verbal controversy will not in any way affect the drift of our argument. What we need to know is this: Can we face the real or supposed tendency of science to prove that

"Thought is a Function of Matter," and yet logically retain faith in personal Immortality! I maintain that we may accept that doctrine and draw from it an indirect presumption of immortality, afforded by the proof that the conscious self is not identifiable with that Matter which performs the function of Thought, and of whose dissolution alone we have cognizance.

My first task must be to describe the psychological facts from which our conclusions are to be drawn, and which seem in themselves sufficiently curious and interesting to deserve more study on their own account than they have yet received. Secondly, I shall simply quote Dr. Carpenter's physiological explanation of these facts. Lastly, I shall, as shortly as possible, endeavour to deduce from them that which appears to me to be their logical inference.

The phenomena with which we are concerned, have been often referred to by metaphysicians,—Leibnitz and Sir W. Hamilton amongst others,—under the names of "Latent Thought," and "Preconscious Activity of the Soul." Dr. Carpenter, who has discovered the physiological explanation of them, and reduced them to harmony with other phenomena of the nervous system, has given to them the title of "Unconscious Cerebration;" and to this name, as following in his steps, I shall in these pages adhere. It will probably serve our purpose best, in a popular paper like the present, to begin, not with any large generalizations of the subject, but with a few familiar and unmistakable instances of mental work performed unconsciously.

For example; it is an every-day occurrence to most of us to forget a particular word, or a line of poetry, and to remember it some hours later, when we have ceased consciously to seek for it. We try, perhaps anxiously, at first to recover it, well aware that it lies somewhere hidden in our memory, but unable to seize it. As the saying is, we "ransack our brains for it," but failing to find it, we at last turn our attention to other matters. By and by

when, so far as consciousness goes, our whole minds are absorbed in a different topic, we exclaim, "Eureka! The word, or verse, is—So and so." So familiar is this phenomenon that we are accustomed in similar straits to say, "Never mind; I shall think of the missing word by and by, when I am attending to something else;" and we deliberately turn away, not intending finally to abandon the pursuit, but precisely as if we were possessed of an obedient secretary or librarian, whom we could order to hunt up a missing document, or turn out a word in a dictionary while we amused ourselves with something else. The more this very common phenomenon is studied, the more I think the observer of his own mental processes will be obliged to concede, that, so far as his own conscious Self is concerned, the research is made absolutely without him. He has neither pain nor pleasure, nor sense of labour in the task, any more than if it were performed by somebody else; and his conscious Self is all the time suffering, enjoying, or labouring on totally different grounds.

Another and more important phase of unconscious cerebration, is that wherein we find our mental work of any kind, a calculation, an essay, a tale, a composition of music, painting, or sculpture, arrange itself in order during an interval either of sleep or wakefulness, during which we had not consciously thought of it at all. Probably no one has ever written on a subject a little complicated, or otherwise endeavoured to think out a matter any way obscure, without perceiving next day that the thing has somehow taken a new form in his mind since he laid down his pen or his pencil after his first effort. It is as if a "Fairy Order" had come in the night and unravelled the tangled skeins of thought and laid them all neatly out on his table. I have said that this work is done for us either asleep or awake, but it seems to be accomplished most perfectly in the former state, when our unconsciousness of it is most complete. I am not now referring to the facts of

somnambulism, of which I must speak by and by, but of the regular "setting to rights" which happens normally to the healthiest brains, and with as much regularity as, in a well-appointed household, the chairs and tables are put in their places before the family come down to breakfast.

Again there is the ordinary but most mysterious faculty possessed by most persons, of setting over-night a mental alarm-clock, and awaking, at will, at any unaccustomed hour out of dreamless sleep. Were we up and about our usual business all night without seeing or hearing a timepiece, or looking out at the stars or the dawn, few of us could guess within two or three hours of the time. Or again, if we were asleep and dreaming with no intention of rising at a particular time, the lapse of hours would be unknown to us. The count of time in dreams is altogether different from that of our waking life, and we dream in a few seconds what seem to be the events of years. Nevertheless, under the conditions mentioned, of a sleep prefaced by a resolution to waken at a specified hour, we arrive at a knowledge of time unattainable to us either when awake or when sleeping without such prior resolution.

Such are some of the more striking instances of unconscious cerebration. But the same power is obviously at work during at least half our lives in a way which attracts no attention only because it is so common. If we divide our actions into classes with reference to the Will, we discover that they are of three kinds—the Involuntary (such as the beating of the heart, digestion, &c.), the Voluntary, and the Volitional. The difference between the two latter classes of actions is, that *Voluntary* motions are made by permission of the Will and can be immediately stopped by its exertion, but do not require its conscious activity. *Volitional* motions on the contrary require the direct exertion of Will.

Now of these three classes of action it would appear that all Voluntary acts, as we have defined them, are accom-

plished by Unconscious Cerebration. Let us analyse the act of Walking, for example. We intend to go here or there; and in such matters "he who wills the end wills the means." But we do not deliberately think, "Now I shall move my right foot, now I shall put my left on such a spot." Some unseen guardian of our muscles manages all such details, and we go on our way, serenely unconscious (unless we chance to have the gout, or an ill-fitting boot) that we have any legs at all to be directed in the way they should go. If we chance to be tolerably familiar with the road, we take each turning instinctively, thinking all the time of something else, and carefully avoid puddles or collisions with fellow-passengers, without bestowing a thought on the subject. Similarly as soon as we have acquired other arts beside walking,—reading, sewing, writing, playing on an instrument,—we soon learn to carry on the mechanical part of our tasks with no conscious exertion. We read aloud, taking in the appearance and proper sound of each word and the punctuation of each sentence, and all the time we are not thinking of these matters, but of the argument of the author; or picturing the scene he describes; or, possibly, following a wholly different train of thought. Similarly in writing with "the pen of a ready writer" it would almost seem as if the pen itself took the business of forming the letters and dipping itself in the ink at proper intervals, so engrossed are we in the thoughts which we are trying to express.

We unconsciously cerebration,—while we are all the time consciously buried in our subject,—that it will not answer to begin two consecutive sentences in the same way; that we must introduce a query here or an ejaculation there, and close our paragraphs with a sonorous word and not with a preposition. All this we do not do of *malice prepense*, but because the well-tutored sprite whose business it is to look after our p's and q's, settles it for us as a clerk does the formal part of a merchant's correspondence.

Music-playing however is of all others

the most extraordinary manifestation of the powers of unconscious cerebration. Here we seem not to have one slave but a dozen. Two different lines of hieroglyphics have to be read at once, and the right hand is to be guided to attend to one of them, the left to another. All the ten fingers have their work assigned as quickly as they can move. The mind (or something which does duty as mind) interprets scores of A sharps and B flats and C naturals, into black ivory keys and white ones, crotchets and quavers and demi-semi-quavers, rests, and all the other mysteries of music. The feet are not idle, but have something to do with the pedals; and, if the instrument be a double-acted harp, a task of pushings and pullings more difficult than that of the hands. And all this time the performer, the *conscious* performer, is in a seventh heaven of artistic rapture at the results of all this tremendous business; or perchance lost in a flirtation with the individual who turns the leaves of the music-book, and is justly persuaded she is giving him the whole of her soul!

Hitherto we have noticed the brain engaged in its more servile tasks of hunting up lost words, waking us at the proper hour, and carrying on the mechanical part of all our acts. But our Familiar is a great deal more than a walking dictionary, a housemaid, a *valet de place*, or a barrel-organ man. He is a novelist who can spin more romances than Dumas, a dramatist who composes more plays than ever did Lope de Vega, a painter who excels equally well in figures, landscapes, cattle, sea-pieces, smiling bits of *genre* and the most terrific conceptions of horror and torture. Of course, like other artists, he can only reproduce, develop, combine what he has actually experienced or read or heard of. But the enormous versatility and inexhaustible profusion with which he furnishes us with fresh pictures for our galleries, and new stories every night from his lending library, would be deemed the greatest of miracles, were it not the commonest of facts. A dull clod of a man, without an ounce of fancy in his

conscious hours, lies down like a log at night, and lo! he has got before him the village green where he played as a boy, and the apple-tree blossoms in his father's orchard, and his long-dead and half-forgotten mother smiles at him, and he hears her call him "her own little lad," and then he has a vague sense that this is strange, and a whole marvellous story is revealed to him of how his mother has been only supposed to be dead, but has been living in a distant country, and he feels happy and comforted. And then he wakes and wonders how he came to have such a dream! Is he not right to wonder? What is it—who is it that wove the tapestry of such thoughts on the walls of his dark soul? Addison says, "There is not a more painful act of the mind than that of invention. Yet in dreams it works with that care and activity that we are not sensible when the faculty is employed" (*Spectator*, 487). Such are the nightly miracles of Unconscious Cerebration.

The laws which govern dreams are still half unexplained, but the most obvious of them singularly illustrate the nature of the processes of the unconscious brain-work which causes them. Much of the labour of our minds, conscious and unconscious, consists in transmuting Sentiments into Ideas. It is not in this little essay that the subject can be developed in its various branches, the ordinary passions of life,—the religious and moral sentiments (wherein our translations are the source of all our myths and half our errors),¹—and lastly, insanity, wherein the false sentiment usually creates the intellectual delusion. Suffice it that our conscious brains are for ever at work of the kind, "giving to airy nothing" (or at least to what is a merely subjective feeling) "a local habitation and a name." Our unconscious brains accordingly, after their wont, proceed on the same track

¹ "E.g. Out of the Sentiment of the justice of God come Ideas of a great Final Assize and Day of Judgment. Out of the Sentiment that He is Author of all things, a definite Idea of six days' world-making," &c. &c. (From a Sermon by Rev. James Martineau.)

during sleep. Our sentiments of love, hate, fear, anxiety, are each one of them the fertile source of whole series of illustrative dreams. Our bodily sensations of heat, cold, hunger, and suffocation, supply another series often full of the quaintest suggestions,—such as those of the poor gentleman who slept over a cheesemonger's shop, and dreamt he was shut up in a cheese to be eaten by rats; and that of the lady whose hot bottle scorched her feet, and who imagined she was walking into Vesuvius. In all such dreams we find our brains with infinite play of fancy merely adding illustrations like those of M. Doré to the page of life which we have turned the day before, or to that which lies upon our beds as we sleep.

Again, the small share occupied by the Moral Law in the dream world is a significant fact. So far as I have been able to learn, it is the rarest thing possible for any check of conscience to be felt in a dream, even by persons whose waking hours are profoundly imbued with moral feeling. We commit in dreams acts for which we should weep tears of blood were they real, and yet never feel the slightest remorse. On the most trifling provocation we cram an offending urchin into a lion's cage (if we happen to have recently visited the Zoological Gardens), or we set fire to a house merely to warm ourselves with the blaze, and all the time feel no pang of compunction. The familiar check of waking hours, "I must not do it, because it would be unjust or unkind," never once seems to arrest us in the satisfaction of any whim which may blow about our wayward fancies in sleep. Nay, I think that if ever we do feel a sentiment like Repentance in dreams, it is not the legitimate sequel to the crime we have previously imagined, but a wave of feeling rolled on from the real sentiment experienced in former hours of consciousness. Our dream-selves, like the Undines of German folk-lore, have no Souls, no Responsibility and no Hereafter. Of course this observation does not touch the fact that a person who in his con-

scious life has committed a great crime may be haunted with its hideous shadow in his sleep, and that Lady Macbeth may in vain try and wash the stain from her "little hand." It is the imaginary acts of sleeping fancy which are devoid of moral character. But this immoral character of unconscious cerebration precisely tallies with the Kantian doctrine, that the moral will is the true *Homo Noumenon*, the Self of man. This conscious Self being dormant in dreams, it is obvious that the true phenomena of Conscience cannot be developed in them. Plutarch says that Zeno ordered his followers to regard dreams as a test of virtue, and to note it as a dangerous sign if they did not recoil, even in their sleep, from vice; and Sir Thomas Browne talks solemnly of "Sinful Dreams," which ecclesiastical history abundantly shows have proved terrible stumbling-blocks to the saints. But the doctrine of Unconscious Cerebration explains clearly enough how, in the absence of the controlling Will, the animal elements of our nature assert themselves—generally in the ratio of their unnatural suppression at other times—and abstinence is made up for by hungry Fancy spreading a glutton's feast. The want of sense of sin in such dreams is, I think, the most natural and most healthful symptom about them.

But if moral Repentance rarely or never follow the imaginary transgressions of dreams, another sense, the Saxon sense of Dissatisfaction in unfinished work, is not only often present, but sometimes exceedingly harassing. The late eminent physician, Professor John Thomson of Edinburgh, quitted his father's cottage in early manhood, leaving half woven a web of cloth on which he had been engaged as a weaver's apprentice. Half a century afterwards, the then wealthy and celebrated gentleman still found his slumbers disturbed by the apparition of his old loom and the sense of the imperative duty of finishing the never-completed web. The tale is like a parable of what all this life's neglected duties may be to us, perchance in an absolved and glorified

Hereafter, wherein, nevertheless, *that* web which we have left undone will have passed from our hands for ever! Of course, as it is the proper task of the unconscious brain to direct voluntary labours started by the will, it is easily explicable why it should be tormented by the sense of their incompleteness.

But leaving the vast half-studied subject of dreams (a whole mine as it is of psychological discovery), we must turn to consider the surprising phenomena of Unconscious Cerebration, developed under conditions of abnormal excitement. Among these I class those mysterious Voices, issuing we know not whence, in which some strong fear, doubt, or hope finds utterance. The part played by these Voices in the history both of religion and of fanaticism it is needless to describe. So far as I can judge, they are of two kinds. One is a sort of lightning-burst suddenly giving intensely vivid expression to a whole set of feelings or ideas which have been lying latent in the brain, and which are in opposition to the feelings and ideas of our conscious selves at the moment. Thus the man ready to commit a crime hears a voice appealing to him to stop; while the man praying ardently for faith hears another voice say, "There is no God." Of course the first suggestion is credited to heaven, and the second to the powers of the Pit, but the source of both is, I apprehend, the same. The second class of Voices are the result, not of unconscious Reasoning but of unconscious Memory. Under some special excitement, and perhaps inexplicably remote association of ideas, some words which once made a violent impression on us are remembered from the inner depths. Chance may make these either awfully solemn, or as ludicrous as that of a gentleman shipwrecked off South America, who, as he was sinking and almost drowning, distinctly heard his mother's voice say, "Tom! did you take Jane's cake?" The portentous inquiry had been addressed to him forty years previously, and (as might have been expected) had been wholly forgotten. In

fever, in a similar way, ideas and words long consigned to oblivion are constantly reproduced; nay, what is most curious of all, long trains of phrases which the individual had indeed heard, but which could hardly have become a possession of the memory in its natural state, are then brought out in entire unconsciousness. My readers will recall the often-quoted and well-authenticated story of the peasant girl in the Hôtel Dieu in Paris, who in her delirium frequently "spouted" Hebrew. After much inquiry it was found she had been cook to a learned priest who had been in the habit of reading aloud his Hebrew books in the room adjoining her kitchen. A similar anecdote is told of another servant girl who in abnormal sleep imitated some beautiful violin playing which she had heard many years previously.

From Sounds to Sight the transition is obvious. An Apparition is to the optical sense what such a Voice as we have spoken of above is to the hearing. At a certain point of intensity the latent idea in the unconscious brain reveals itself and produces an impression on the sensory; sometimes affecting one sense, sometimes another, sometimes perhaps two senses at a time.

Hibbert's ingenious explanation of the philosophy of apparitions is this. We are, he says, in our waking hours, fully aware that what we really see and hear are actual sights and sounds; and what we only conjure up by fancy are delusions. In our sleeping hours this sense is not only lost, but the opposite conviction fully possesses us; namely, that what we conjure up by fancy in our dreams is true, while the real sights and sounds around us are unperceived. These two states are exchanged for each other at least twice in every twenty-four hours of our lives, and generally much oftener, in fact every time we doze or take a nap. Very often such slumbers begin and end before we have become aware of them; or have lost consciousness of the room and its furniture surrounding us. If at such times a peculiarly vivid dream takes the form of an apparition of a dead friend, there is nothing to

rectify the delusion that what we have fancied is real, nay even a background of positive truth is apparently supplied by the bedstead, curtains, &c. &c., of whose presence we have not lost consciousness for more than the fraction of time needful for a dream.

It would, I think, be easy to apply this reasoning with great advantage, taking into view the phenomena of Unconscious Cerebration. The intersection of the states wherein consciousness yields to unconsciousness, and *vice versâ*, is obviously always difficult of sharp appreciation, and leaves wide margin for self-deception; and a ghost is of all creations of fancy the one which bears most unmistakable internal evidence of being *home-made*. The poor unconscious brain goes on upon the track of the lost friend, on which the conscious soul, ere it fell asleep, had started it. But with all its wealth of fancy it never succeeds in picturing a *new* ghost, a fresh idea of the departed, whom yet by every principle of reason we know is *not* (whatever else he or she may have become), a white-faced figure in coat and trowsers, or in a silk dress and gold ornaments. All the familiar arguments proving the purely subjective nature of apparitions of the dead, or of supernatural beings, point exactly to Unconscious Cerebration as the teeming source wherein they have been engendered. In some instances, as in the famous ones quoted by Abercrombie, the brain was sufficiently dis-tempered to call up such phantoms even while the conscious self was in full activity. "Mrs. A." saw all her visions calmly, and knew that they were visions; thus bringing the conscious and unconscious workings of her brain into an awful sort of face-to-face recognition; like the sight of a *Doppel-gänger*. But such experience is the exceptional one. The ordinary case is, when the unconscious cerebration supplies the apparition; and the conscious self accepts it *de bonne foi*, having no means of distinguishing it from the impressions derived from the real objects of sense.

The famous story in my own family, of the Beresford ghost, is, I think, an

excellent illustration of the relation of unconscious cerebration to dreams of apparitions. Lady Beresford, as I conjecture, in her sleep hit her wrist violently against some part of her bedstead so as to hurt it severely. According to a well-known law of dreams, already referred to, her unconscious brain set about accounting for the pain, transmitting the Sensation into an Idea. An instant's sensation (as Mr. Babbage, Sir Benjamin Brodie, and Lord Brougham have all illustrated) is enough to call up a long vision. Lady Beresford fancied accordingly that her dead cousin, Lord Tyrone, had come to fulfil his promise of revisiting her from the tomb. He twisted her curtains and left a mark on her wardrobe (probably an old stain she had remarked on the wood), and then touched her wrist with his terrible finger. The dreamer awoke with a black and blue wrist; and the story took its place in the annals of ghost-craft for ever.

Somnambulism is an unmistakable form of unconscious cerebration. Here, while consciousness is wholly dormant, the brain performs occasionally the most brilliant operations. Coleridge's poem of Kubla Khan, composed in opiate sleep, is an instance of its achievements in the realm of pure imagination. Many cases are recorded of students rising at night, seeking their desks, and there writing down whole columns of algebraic calculations; solutions of geometric problems, and opinions on difficult cases of law. Cabanis says that Condillac brought continually to a conclusion at night in his sleep the reasonings of the day. In all such cases the work done asleep seems better than that done in waking hours, nay there is no lack of anecdotes which would point to the possibility of persons in an unconscious state accomplishing things beyond their ordinary powers altogether. The muscular strength of men in somnambulism and delirium, their power of balancing themselves on roofs, of finding their way in the dark, are physical advantages reserved for such conditions. Abnormal acuteness of hearing is also a well-known accompaniment

of them, and in this relation we must, I conclude, understand the marvellous story vouched for by the late Sir Edward Codrington. The captain in command of a man-of-war was one night sleeping in his cabin, with a sentinel as usual posted at his door. In the middle of the night the captain rang his bell, called suddenly to the sentinel, and sharply desired him to tell the lieutenant of the watch to alter the ship's course by so many points. Next morning the officer, on greeting the captain, observed that it was most fortunate he had been aware of their position and had given such an order, as there had been a mistake in the reckoning, and the ship was in shoal water, on the point of striking a reef. "I!" said the astonished captain, "I gave no order; I slept soundly all night." The sentinel was summoned, and of course testified that the experienced commander had in some unknown way learned the peril of his ship, and saved it, even while in a state of absolute unconsciousness.

Whatever residue of truth may be found hereafter in the crucible wherein shall have been tried the marvels of spirit-rapping, mesmerism, and hypnotism; whatever revelation of forgotten facts or successful hits at secrets, is, I believe, unquestionably due to the action of Unconscious Cerebration. The person reduced to a state of coma is liable to receive suggestions from without, and these suggestions and queries are answered by his unconscious brain out of whatever stores of memory it may retain. What a man *never* knew, that no magic has ever yet enabled him to tell; but what he has once known, and in his conscious hours has forgotten, that on the contrary is often recalled by the suggestive queries of the operator when he is in a state of hypnotism. A natural dream sometimes does as much, as witness all the discoveries of hidden treasures, corpses, &c., made through dreams; generally with the aid of the obvious machinery of a ghost. General Sleeman mentions that, being in pursuit of Thugs up the country, his wife one morning urgently entreated

him to move their tents from the spot—a lovely opening in a jungle—where they had been pitched the previous evening. She said she had been haunted all night by the sight of dead men. Information received during the day induced the General to order digging under the ground whereon they had camped; and beneath Mrs. Sleeman's tent were found fourteen corpses, victims of the Thugs. It is easily conceivable that the foul odour of death suggested to the lady, in the unconscious cerebration of her dream, her horrible vision. Had she been in a state of mesmeric trance, the same occurrence would have formed a splendid instance of supernatural revelation.

Drunkness is a condition in which the conscious self is more or less completely obfuscated, but in which unconscious cerebration goes on for a long time. The proverbial impunity with which drunken men fall without hurting themselves can only be attributed to the fact that the conscious will does not interfere with the unconscious instinct of falling on the parts of the body least liable to injury. The same impunity is enjoyed by persons not intoxicated, who at the moment of an accident do not exert any volition in determining which way they shall strike the ground. All the ludicrous stories of the absence of mind of tipsy men may obviously be explained by supposing that their unconscious cerebration is blindly fumbling to perform tasks needing conscious direction. And be it remembered that the proverb "*in vino veritas*" is here in exact harmony with our theory. The drunken man unconsciously blurts out the truth, his muddled brain being unequal to the task of inventing a plausible falsehood. The delicious fun of Sheridan, found under a tree and telling the policeman that he was "Wil-Wil-Wilberforce," reveals at once that the wag, if a little exalted, was by no means really drunk. Such a joke could hardly have occurred to an unconscious brain, even one so well accustomed to the production of humour. As in dreams, intoxication never brings new

elements of nature into play, but only abnormally excites latent ones. It is only a Porson who when drunk solemnly curses the "aggravating properties of inanimate matter," or when he cannot fit his latch-key, is heard muttering, "D—n the nature of things!" A noble miser of the last century revealed his true character, and also the state of his purse, whenever he was fuddled, by murmuring softly to himself, "I'm very rich! I'm very rich!" In sober moments he complained continually of his limited means. In the same way it is the brutal labourer who in his besotted state thrashes his horse and kicks his wife. A drunken woman, on the contrary, unless an habitual virago, rarely strikes anybody. The accustomed vehicle for her emotions—her tongue—is the organ of whose services her unconscious cerebration avails itself.

Finally, the condition of perfect anesthesia appears to be one in which unconscious cerebration is perfectly exemplified. The conscious Self is then so absolutely dormant that it is not only unaware of the most frightful lacerations of the nerves, but has no conception of the interval of time in which an operation takes place; usually waking to inquire, "When do the surgeons intend to begin?" Meanwhile unconscious cerebration has been busy composing a pretty little picture of green fields and skipping lambs, or something equally remote from the terrible reality.

There are many other obscure mental phenomena which I believe might be explained by the theory of unconscious cerebration, even if the grand mystery of insanity does not receive (as I apprehend it must do) some elucidation from it. Presentiments and dreams of the individual's own death may certainly be explicable as the dumb revelations of the diseased frame to its own nervous centre. The strange and painful, but very common, sense of having seen and heard at some previous time what is passing at the moment, appears to arise from some abnormal irritation of the memory (if I may so express it), evidently connected with the unconscious action

of the brain. Still more "uncanny" and mysterious is the impression (to me almost amounting at times to torture) that we have never for years quitted the spot to which we have only that instant returned after a long interval. Under this hateful spell we say to ourselves that we have been weeks, months, ages, studying the ornaments of the cornice opposite our seat in church, or following the outline of the gnarled old trees, black against the evening sky. This delusion, I think, only arises when we have undergone strong mental tension at the haunted spot. While our conscious selves have been absorbed in speculative thought or strong emotion, our unconscious cerebration has photographed the scene on our optic nerves *pour passer le temps!*

The limitations and failures of unconscious cerebration would supply us with as large a study as its marvellous powers and achievements. It is obvious at first sight, that, though in the unconscious state mental work is sometimes *better* done than in the conscious (*e.g.* the finding missing names awake, or performing abstruse calculations in somnambulism), yet that the unconscious work is never more than the *continuation* of something which has been begun in the conscious condition. We recall the name which we have known and forgotten, but we do not discover what we never knew. The man who does not understand algebra never performs algebraic calculations in his sleep. No problem in Euclid has been solved in dreams except by students who have studied Euclid awake. The merely voluntary and unconscious movements of our legs in walking, and our hands in writing and playing music, were at first in infancy, or when we began to learn each art, actions purely volitional, which often require a strong effort of the conscious will for their accomplishment.

Again, the failures of unconscious cerebration are as easily traced as its limitations. The most familiar of them may be observed in the phenomenon which we call Absence of Mind, and

which seems to consist in a disturbance of the proper balance between conscious and unconscious cerebration, leaving the latter to perform tasks of which it is incapable. An absent man walks, as we say, in a dream. All men indeed, as before remarked, perform the mechanical act of walking merely voluntarily and not volitionally, but their consciousness is not so far off but that it can be recalled at a moment's notice. The porter at the door of the senses can summons the master of the house the instant he is wanted about business. But the absent man does not answer such calls. A friend addresses him, and his unconscious brain instead of his conscious self answers the question *à tort et à travers*. He boils his watch for breakfast and puts his egg in his pocket; his unconscious brain merely concerning itself that something is to be boiled and something else put in the pocket. He searches up and down for the spectacles which are on his nose; he forgets to eat his dinner and wonders why he feels hungry. His social existence is poisoned by his unconquerable propensity to say the wrong thing to the wrong person. Meeting Mrs. Bombazine in deep widow's weeds, he cheerfully inquires, "Well, and what is Mr. Bombazine doing now?" albeit he has received formal notice that Mr. Bombazine departed a month ago to that world of whose doings no information is received. He tells Mr. Parvenu, whose father is strongly suspected of having been a shoemaker, that "for his part he does not like new-made men at the head of affairs, and holds to the good old motto, 'Ne sutor ultra crepidam';" and this brilliant observation he delivers with a pleasant laugh, giving it all possible point and pungency. If he have an acquaintance whose brother was hanged or drowned, or scraped to death with oyster-shells, then to a moral certainty the subjects of capital punishment, the perils of the deep, and the proper season for eating oysters will be the topics selected by him for conversation during the awkward ten minutes before dinner. Of course the injured friend believes he is

intentionally insulted; but he is quite mistaken. The absent man had merely a vague recollection of his trouble, which unfortunately proved a stumbling-block against which his unconscious cerebration was certain to bring him into collision.

As a general rule, the unconscious brain, like an *enfant terrible*, is extremely veracious. The "Palace of Truth" is nothing but a house full of absent-minded people who unconsciously say what they think of each other, when they consciously intend to be extremely flattering. But it also sometimes happens that falsehood has so far become second nature that a man's very interjections, unconscious answers, and soliloquies may all be lies. Nothing can be more false to nature than the dramas and novels wherein profound scoundrels, in the privacy of an evening walk beside a hedge, unveil their secret plots in an address to Fate or the Moon; or fall into a well-timed brain fever, and babble out exactly the truth which the reader needs to be told. Your real villain never tells truth even to himself, much less to Fate or the Moon; and it is to be doubted whether, even in delirium, his unconscious cerebration would not run on the accustomed ruts of fable rather than the unwonted paths of veracity.

Another failure of unconscious cerebration is seen in the continuance of habitual actions when the motive for them has ceased. A change in attire, altering the position of our pockets, never fails to cause us a dozen fruitless struggles to find our handkerchief, or replace our purse. In returning to an old abode we are sure sooner or later to blunder into our former sleeping-room, and to be much startled to find in it another occupant. It happened to me once, after an interval of eight years, to find myself again in the chamber, at the table, and seated on the chair where my little studies had gone on for half a lifetime. I had business to occupy my thoughts, and was soon (so far as consciousness went) buried in my task of writing. But all the time while I wrote my feet moved restlessly in a most un-

accustomed way under the table. "What is the matter with me?" I paused at last to ask myself, and then remembered that when I had written at this table in long past days, I had had a stool under it. It was that particular stool my unconscious cerebration was seeking. During all the interval I had perhaps not once used a similar support, but the moment I sat in the same spot, the trifling habit vindicated itself afresh; the brain acted on its old impression.

Of course it is as easy as it is common to dismiss all such fantastic tricks with the single word "Habit." But the word "Habit," like the word "Law," has no positive sense as if it were itself an originating cause. It implies a persistent mode of action, but affords no clue to the force which initiates and maintains that action. All that we can say, in the case of the phenomena of unconscious cerebration, is, that when volitional actions have been often repeated, they sink into the class of voluntary ones, and are performed unconsciously. We may define the moment when a Habit is established as that wherein the Volitional act becomes Voluntary.

It will be observed by the reader that all the phenomena of Unconscious Cerebration now indicated, belong to different orders as related to the Conscious Self. In one order (*e.g.*, that of Delirium, Somnambulism, and Anæsthesia) the Conscious Self has no appreciable concern whatever. The action of the brain has not been originated or controlled by the will; there is no sense of it either painful or pleasurable, while it proceeds; and no memory of it when it is over.

In the second order (*e.g.*, that of rediscovered words, and waking at a given hour), the Conscious Self has so far a concern, that it originally *set the task* to the brain. This done, it remains in entire ignorance of how the brain performs it, nor does Memory afterwards retain the faintest trace of the labours, however arduous, of word-seeking and time-marking.

Lastly, in the third class (*e.g.*, that of

natural dreams), the share of the Conscious Self is the reverse of that which it takes in the case of word-seeking and time-marking. In dreams we do not, and cannot with our utmost effort, direct our unconscious brains into the trains of thought and fancy wherein we desire them to go. Obedient as they are in the former case, where work was to be done, here, in the land of fancy, they seem to mock our futile attempts to guide them. Nevertheless, strange to say, the Conscious Self—which knew nothing of what was going on while its leg was being amputated under chloroform, and nothing of what its brain was doing, while finding out what o'clock it was with shut eyes in the dark—is here cognizant of all the proceedings, and able in great measure to recall them afterwards. We receive intense pain or pleasure from our dreams, though we have actually less to do in concocting them than in dozens of mental processes which go on wholly unperceived in our brains.¹

Thus it would seem that neither Memory nor Volition have any constant relation to unconscious cerebration. We sometimes remember, and sometimes wholly forget its action; and sometimes it fulfils our wishes, and sometimes wholly disregards them. The one constant fact is, that *while the actions are being performed*, the Conscious Self is either wholly uncognizant of them or unable to control them. It is either in a state of high activity about other and irrelevant matters; or it is entirely passive. In every case the line between the Conscious Self and the unconsciously working brain is clearly defined.

Having now faintly traced the outline of the psychological facts illustrative of unconscious cerebration, it is time to turn to the brilliant physiological explanation of them afforded by Dr. Carpenter. We have seen what our brains can do

¹ Reid boasted he had learned to control his dreams, and there is a story of a man who always guided his own fancy in sleep. Such dreams, however, would hardly deserve the name.

without our consciousness. The way they do it is on this wise (I quote, slightly abridged, from Dr. Carpenter).

All parts of the Nervous System appear to possess certain powers of automatic action. The *Spinal cord* has for primary functions the performance of the motions of respiration and swallowing. The automatic action of the *Sensory ganglia* seems to be connected with movements of protection—such as the closing of the eyes to a flash of light—and their secondary use enables a man to shrink from dangers of collisions, &c., before he has time for conscious escape. Finally we arrive at the automatic action of the *Cerebrum*; and here Dr. Carpenter reminds us that instead of being (as formerly supposed) the centre of the whole system, in direct connection with the organs of sense and the muscular apparatus, the *Cerebrum* is, according to modern physiology—

“A superadded organ, the development of which seems to bear a pretty constant relation to the degree in which intelligence supersedes instinct as a spring of action. The ganglionic matter which is spread out upon the surface of the hemispheres, and in which their potentiality resides, is connected with the Sensory Tract at their base (which is the real centre of conveyance for the sensory nerves of the whole body) by commissural fibres, long since termed by Reid, with sagacious foresight, ‘nerves of the internal senses,’ and its anatomical relation to the sensorium is thus precisely the same as that of the Retina, which is a ganglionic expansion connected with the Sensorium by the optic nerve. Hence it may be fairly surmised—
1. That as we only become conscious of visual impressions on the retina when their influence has been transmitted to the central sensorium, so we only become conscious of ideational changes in the cerebral hemispheres when their influence has been transmitted to the same centre; 2. That as visual changes may take place in the retina of which we are unconscious, either through temporary inactivity of the Sensorium (as in sleep), or through the entire occupation of the attention in some other direction, so may ideational changes take place in the Cerebrum, of which we may be unconscious for want of receptivity on the part of the Sensorium, but of which the results may present themselves to the consciousness as ideas elaborated by an automatic process of which we have no cognizance.”¹

Report of Meeting of Royal Institution.
Dr. Carpenter's Lecture, March 1, 1863, pp.
4, 5.

Lastly, we come to the conclusions to be deduced from the above investigations. We have credited to the Unconscious Brain the following powers and faculties:—

1. It not only *remembers* as much as the Conscious Self can recall, but often much more. It is even doubtful whether it may not be capable, under certain conditions, of reproducing every impression ever made upon the senses during life.

2. It can *understand* what words or things are sought to be remembered, and hunt them up through some recondite process known only to itself, till it discovers and pounces on them.

3. It can *fancy* the most beautiful pictures and also the most terrible ones, and weave ten thousand fables with inexhaustible invention.

4. It can perform the exceedingly difficult task of mental arrangement and logical division of subjects.

5. It can transact all the mechanical business of walking, reading, writing, sewing, playing, &c. &c.

6. It can tell the hour in the middle of the night without a timepiece.

Let us be content with these ordinary and unmistakable exercises of unconscious cerebration, and leave aside all rare or questionable wonders of somnambulism and cognate states. We have got Memory, Fancy, Understanding, at all events, as faculties exercised in full by the Unconscious Brain. Now it is obvious that it would be an unusual definition of the word “Thought” which should debar us from applying it to the above phenomena; or compel us to say that we can remember, fancy, and understand without “thinking” of the things remembered, fancied, or understood. But Who, or What, then, is it that accomplishes these confessedly mental functions? Two answers are given to the query, each of them, as I venture to think, erroneous. Büchner and his followers say, “It is our physical Brains, and these Brains are ourselves.”¹ And

¹ Büchner's precise doctrine is, “The brain is only the carrier and the source, or rather the *sole cause* of the spirit or thought; but not the organ which secretes it. It produces
n 2

non-materialists say, "It is our conscious Selves, which merely use our brains as their instruments." We must go into this matter somewhat carefully.

In a certain loose and popular way of speaking, our brains are "ourselves." So also in the same way of speaking are our hearts, our limbs, and the hairs of our head. But in more accurate language the use of the pronoun "I" applied to any part of our bodies is obviously incorrect, and even inadmissible. We say, indeed, commonly, "I struck with my hand," when our hand has obeyed our volition. It is, then, in fact, the will of the Self which we are describing. But if our hand has been forcibly compelled to strike by another man seizing it, or if it have shaken by palsy, we only say, "My hand was forced," or "was shaken." The limb's action is not *ours*, unless it has been done by our will. In the case of the heart, the very centre of physical life, we never dream of using such a phrase as "I am beating slowly," or "I am palpitating fast." And why do we not say so? Because, the action of our hearts being involuntary, we are sensible that the conscious "I" is not the agent in question, albeit the mortal life of that "I" is hanging on every pulsation. Now the problem which concerns us is this: Can we, or can we *not*, properly speak of our brains as we do of our hearts? Is it more proper to say, "I invent my dreams," than it is to say, "I am beating slowly"? I venture to think the cases are precisely parallel. When our brains perform acts of unconscious cerebration (such as dreams), they act just as our hearts do, *i.e.* involuntarily; and we ought to speak of them as we always do of our hearts, as of organs of our frame, but not our Selves. When our brains obey our wills, then they act as our hands do when we voluntarily strike a blow; and then we do right to speak as if "we" per-

formed the act accomplished by their means.

Now to return to our point. Are the anti-Materialists right to say that the agent in unconscious cerebration is "We, ourselves, who merely use our brains as their instruments;" or are the Materialists right who say, "It is our physical brains alone, and these brains are ourselves"? With regard to the first reply, I think that all the foregoing study has gone to show that "we" are *not* remembering, *not* fancying, *not* understanding what is being at the moment remembered, fancied, or understood. To say, then, that in such acts "we" are "using our brains as our instruments," appears nothing but a servile and unmeaning adherence to the foregone conclusion that our brains are nothing else than the organs of our will. It is absurd to call them so when we are concerned with phenomena whose speciality is that the will has nothing to do with them. So far, then, as this part of the argument is concerned, I think the answer of the anti-Materialists must be pronounced to be erroneous. The balance of evidence inclines to the Materialists' doctrine that the brain itself performs the mental processes in question, and, to use Vogt's expression, "*secretes Thought*" automatically and spontaneously.

But if this presumption be accepted provisionally, and the possibility admitted of its future physiological demonstration, have we, with it, accepted also the Materialist's ordinary conclusion that *we* and our automatically thinking brains are one and indivisible? If the brain can work by itself, have we any reason to believe it ever works *also* under the guidance of something external to itself, which we may describe as the Conscious Self? It seems to me that this is precisely what the preceding facts have likewise gone to prove—namely, that there are two kinds of action of the brain, the one Automatic, and the other subject to the will of the Conscious Self; just as the actions of a horse are some of them spontaneous and some done under the compulsion of his rider.

something which is not materially permanent, but which consumes itself in the moment of its production."—*Kroft und Stoff*, chap. xiii.

The first order of actions tend to indicate that the brain "secretes thought;" the second order (strongly contrasting with the first) show that, beside that automatically working brain, there is another agency in the field under whose control the brain performs a wholly different class of labours. Everywhere in the preceding pages we have traced the extraordinary *separation* which continually takes place between our Conscious Selves and the automatic action of the organ, which serves as our medium of communication with the outward world. We have seen, in a word, that we are not Centaurs, steed and rider in one, but horsemen, astride on roadsters which can trot very well a little way when we drop the reins, and which at other times play and canter off without our permission.

When we place the phenomena of Unconscious Thought on one side, and over against them our conscious personality, we obtain, I think, a new and vivid sense of the separation, not to say the antithesis, which exists between the two; close as is their mutual interdependence. Not to talk about the distinction between object and subject, or dwell on the absurdity (as it seems to us) of the proposition that we ourselves are only the sum-total of a series of cerebrations—the recognition of the fact that *our brains sometimes think without us*, seems to enable us to view our connection with them in quite a new light. So long as all our attention was given to Conscious Thought, and philosophers eagerly argued the question, whether the Soul did or did not ever sleep or cease to think, it was easy to confound the organ of thought with the Conscious Self who was supposed one to set it in action. But the mo-

ment we mass together for review the long array of the phenomena of Unconscious Cerebration, the case is altered; the severance becomes not only cogitable, but manifest.

Let us then accept cheerfully the possibility, perhaps the probability, that science ere long will proclaim the dogma, "Matter can think." Having humbly bowed to the decree, we shall find ourselves none the worse. Admitting that our brains accomplish much without our conscious guidance, will help us to realize that our relation to them is of a variable—an intermittent—and (we may venture to hope) of a *terminable* kind.

That such a conclusion, if reached, will have afforded us any *direct* argument for human immortality, cannot be pretended. Though we may succeed in proving "that the Brain can think without the Conscious Man," the great converse theorem, "that the Conscious Man can think without a Brain," has as yet received no jot of direct evidence; nor ever will do so, I hold, while we walk by faith and not by sight, and Heaven remains "a part of our religion, and not a branch of our geography"!

But it is something, nay it is surely much, if, by groping among the obscurer facts of consciousness, we may attain the certainty that whatever be the final conclusions of science regarding our mental nature, the one which we have most dreaded, if reached at last, will militate not at all against the hope, written on the heart of the nations, by that Hand which writes no falsehoods—that "when the dust returns to the dust whence it was taken, the Spirit—the Conscious Self of Man—shall return to God who gave it."

THE WAR AND THE AMBULANCE.

BY HUMPHREY SANDWITH, C.B.

ON the 20th of August last I caught the prevailing epidemic, the war fever, the chief symptom of which was a yearning desire to be up and doing something. In the Middle Ages I suppose I should have joined one of the belligerents; fortunate it is that the International Society has opened a new outlet for warlike energy. If we really want to do something we put on the red cross, and rush to the ambulances.

Saarbrücken, the town near which the boy Louis received his baptism of fire, was no longer actually the scene of warlike operations when I arrived, but it was almost such, for regiments marching out were engaged before Metz in the course of two or three days, and the wounded were incessantly being poured in.

Troops of every arm were passing and repassing, the kettledrums were shaking the windows, the heavy tramp of infantry was heard hourly, and the cavalry squadrons were never out of sight. Shortly after my arrival the town was rejoicing at the victory of Mezières. The bellman, that old-fashioned institution which advertisements and placards have not yet destroyed, solemnly reads King William's telegram to the Queen, to a small crowd of peasants and shopkeepers: they cry "Hoch!" and he passes on. What a quiet people these are: there are no such signs of excitement as might have been seen in an English town, no hurrahing, and yet there is no mistaking their intense satisfaction. Most uncomfortably is the place crowded with troops, but there is no drunkenness, and yet there is a goodly consumption of beer. I wrote in my diary: "I have now been a fortnight in Germany, and have seen tens of thousands of troops, and only remarked three persons tipsy, two troopers and a clergy-

man." I had rather not say of what "confession" the latter was, as it matters not. As my mission was to the sick and wounded, I will make no apology to my readers that my paper smells of the hospital. Hospital smells now-a-days are not what they used to be, thank God for that. Formerly the soldier had but to wish that if he did not escape the enemy's balls he might be killed outright, for to be wounded was but too often to die of torture. Now the sympathies of a continent (material sympathies too) follow him to the hospital, and load him with pitying attentions.

Saarbrück is one of those towns that are made a dépôt for the wounded; the nearer you approach an army in the field the graver become the wounds, for as it is a matter of immense importance for a general to disembarass himself of wounded, those that can safely be moved are sent well to the rear, while the lightly wounded are sent long journeys to distant cities or to their own homes. This custom, I need not say, comes of the railway and steamboat. All the great cities of Germany are now full of wounded. Some get well rapidly; and the soldier who has been grazed with a ball, or has had a clean and not deep sabre cut, has to return to his regiment; but some who have been classed amongst the lightly wounded, and have travelled far as such, develop afterwards grave symptoms, and perhaps die after all. The most singular cases occur in military hospitals: for example, a fine young man was struck on the 2nd August, by a Chassepot ball, in the groin. The ball was easily taken out, but, strange to say, it was oddly misshapen, showing it had struck against a hard substance. For some days the man did well, and the wound appeared to be of no great con-

sequence, but in about three weeks strange symptoms of disordered brain function appeared—symptoms of paralysis and imperfect motor powers. Where did the ball go? where did it strike? It must have had a run round the body, and eventually deposited itself not far from its entrance, after injuring the spine or brain.

The Chassepot ball is not so crushing and destructive a missile as the old spherical ball, nor yet as the Minié. A great number have passed through limbs without breaking the bones, and an unusual number have passed through the chest without death ensuing. A soldier I saw was struck just over the region of the heart, and the ball came out a little on the left of the spine. He coughed and spat blood for some days, and suffered as much as one might under an attack of feverish cold; but he was soon well again. Surgically speaking, he ought to have died. Another fine fellow, rapidly recovering, and full of fun, has ten holes in his body. He too has been shot through the chest, and, besides this usually fatal wound, he has been hit four times in the legs; fortunately, no bone was broken. It is supposed he came under the fire of a mitrailleuse. Fragments of shell are the most horrible instruments of death. There was one poor fellow who had lived ten days, but was gradually sinking, who had all the flesh torn from the lower part of his back. He was marvellously patient.

The surgery now-a-days is remarkably conservative—decidedly more so than it was in my time,—that is, fifteen years ago; but then these poor fellows at Saarbrück had some of the very best surgical talent at command. Professors from Berlin and other great towns had got what they called a holiday, and were working hard at their noble calling, and saving a great many lives and limbs. Professor Wagner, of Königsberg, was employed by Government to travel from hospital to hospital as a consulting surgeon,—surely a great boon. It is said, I believe, that 17 per cent of patients are lost by conservative surgery,—that is, by trying to save shattered limbs which

twenty or thirty years ago would inevitably have been amputated, but that 35 per cent of amputated cases die. We have now most valuable experience in military surgery gathered from the Crimean, the Italian, the American, and the Prussian wars.

I need scarcely remark, that the wounded French prisoners have a decidedly worse chance than the wounded Prussians. In one of the wards I visited there was a remarkably handsome and intelligent young French officer with a bad leg wound, a shattered shin-bone. The doctor came into the ward, and told the German patients the glorious news of the defeat of MacMahon's army. Unluckily, the French officer understood German, and so while the natives cried "*Hoch!*" tears were seen coursing down his cheeks. Such depressing emotions may cause him to lose his limb, or even his life. Poor fellow, he is too well educated in one respect. He talked to me learnedly of "*pus poisoning,*" that dreaded malady against which it is so difficult to guard. Of course I spoke in as sanguine a way as I could.

There were hundreds at Saarbrück lying with shattered bones upon the roughest and hardest of straw mattresses, mere bags stuffed with straw, and hastily made. Imagine my delight one morning on receiving an answer to a request of mine for £1,000 from the Society. How many pain-racked patients will for the first time enjoy a good sound refreshing sleep, owing to a good bed; for my first purchase was of some comfortable beds. Besides the beds, I was able to increase the staff of hospital attendants. Imagine, if you can, how much attendance you would require if, like poor Hans Wolf, a ball had shattered the fingers of your right hand, and had passed through your left forearm! and there are several cases like his. The Sisters of Charity, God bless them, are indefatigable; but there are not enough of them. But what a sweet and blessed sight it is to see these gentle beings diligently tending the poor mutilated men; lying in ghastly rows in these long corridors!

See with what a delicate touch that sweet Sister cleanses the intensely irritable stump of the poor fellow whose leg was amputated ten days ago! His countenance is full of anxiety; the least pressure on a certain corner is agony; the dropping of water even is irritating. Well, at last the dressing is over, and he breathes freely, and forgets not to thank the dear Sister; but his eyes are more eloquent than his tongue: he looks his thanks, and kisses her hand, ere she leaves him, with childlike affection.

I visited the heights above Saarbrücken, the scene of one of the first well-fought battles in the war. My visit was about ten days after the fight, so the marks of it were far from having been obliterated. The field was still strewn with knapsacks, shakoes, kepis, helmets, water-bottles, bits of uniform, shoes, &c. &c., and certain well-marked positions were covered with cartridge cases.

Anyone visiting this spot after the battle might safely have predicted ultimate success for the German arms. It seemed to me an act of madness to attempt to storm such heights held by regular troops.

I saw an immensely long trench on the top of a ridge, to be climbed with difficulty, in which were posted the flower of the French army with Chassepots. Wires were fixed in front of this trench to trip up the assailants, and a large plain was below, over which they had to pass under the murderous Chassepot and mitrailleuse fire; and yet these gallant Teutons dashed up the heights, jumped into the trenches and rifle-pits, and scattered the finest troops of France. No wonder they are now at Paris. Fifteen years ago I stood on a well-fought field where eight thousand Russians lay under the earthworks of Kars, and I could not help drawing comparisons. Here all the dead were deeply and decently buried, and crosses were placed over their graves, indicating the number of those sleeping below. Some knackers, by the bye, had disturbed the graves of the horses, and were skinning them. Now at Kars our victims fell on rocky

ground, moreover our men were few and overtaxed, so that the inhumation was imperfect; and lastly, the scene was in Asia, so that ten days after our fight the plain was alive with dogs, wolves, vultures, and eagles, gorging themselves with their horrid meal. I followed for a mile or two the track of the retreating French army, and saw houses deeply pock-marked with bullets, trees cut to pieces, gardens trampled into mire, windows, doors, gates, and everything shattered,—scenes that were not unfamiliar to me. Indeed, who is there in these warlike days who has not seen at least the traces of war? Of all painful positions in which a man can possibly find himself, I think that of being one in a retreat, pursued by a fierce enemy, the worst. I was once in a defeated and pursued squadron of cavalry, and I shall never forget it. I had, therefore, a keen sympathy with the beaten French, though they richly deserved their whipping.

There can be no question about the desperate courage of the Germans: there are anecdotes without number, testifying to this. On the evening of the 18th of August, the 5th Army Corps having suffered frightfully, the Crown Prince addressed the survivors, thanking them for their gallant exertions, and adding that now they should be put among the reserves. A loud cry of "God forbid!" was the answer to this remark.

As an envoy from the "International," I had volunteered to make myself useful in any way. So far as I had seen there was no want of surgeons; the number of volunteers from the profession had been immense, and in a very short time after a general action there really was no need of surgical assistance, but for forty-eight hours or more after a general action the want of surgical assistance is always dreadfully felt.

Here is a difficulty which modern science and modern philanthropy have not yet overcome. During the ordinary times of a campaign a military hospital requires to every forty men at least one full surgeon, two assistants, four nurses or sisters, and four men. But a battle-

field requires far more than this. Men are bleeding to death; barns, churches, huts, and houses are being rapidly filled to overflowing, the number of wounded are increasing every moment. The sights, and sounds, and accidents of war are a very disturbing element too, rendering the performance of delicate operations by no means easy. Under these circumstances, when doctors are carrying, feeding, arranging straw, and doing all the work of ordinary men, there is, of course, a cry for more doctors. But here is the difficulty. A regular army cannot possibly attach to it more than a certain number of surgeons, and an army in a campaign strains its resources to the utmost for the conveyance of a thousand other necessities, such as food and ammunition. The professional envoys of a society therefore find insuperable difficulties in keeping up with an army on the march, and only arrive when their services are not so much needed. Still there is always something to do, at least I always found very much to do, and had no difficulty in spending the thousand pounds with which the Society had entrusted me, and could have spent ten times the sum easily, ay, or twenty times the sum. I spent a good deal in disinfecting towns and hospitals—a work, in my opinion, of infinite importance.

I had ample opportunity, during my visit to the camp at Metz, of seeing how hardly fares the German soldier during the campaign. The absence of tents is a daring innovation in modern warfare, to which Germany doubtless owes some of her most brilliant successes. Had these Teutons been encumbered with tents, could they have shut up Bazaine in Metz, or could they have caught MacMahon and the Emperor at Sedan? But campaigning tentless is awful work. At Courcelles the poor fellows were bivouacking in a sea of mud. The composition of this mud in some parts of the camp was peculiar; it might be said to consist of corn, rice, coffee, straw, hospital dressings, and—well, I need not add anything more disgusting. The poor fellows had built for themselves a

sort of hut composed of the boughs of the poplar-trees which lined the road, but these afforded no shelter worth speaking of, inasmuch as the rain poured into them abundantly, and they were not cleverly built. Some Eastern tribes I have known could have given them lessons in bivouacking. But the hardihood of these fine soldiers was unquestionable. They bore their miseries without a murmur, sleeping night after night in their wet clothes. As might have been expected, I saw large numbers of these gallant fellows leaving the camp for hospital, suffering from fever and dysentery. I gave out about fifty blankets which I had purchased at Saarbrück, to the worst cases, but how urgently were sundry medical stores needed, how infinitely useful would have been a liberal expenditure at an earlier period of the war!

The people of Courcelles and the surrounding villages were bitterly reaping the fruit of French ambition, and to me, a stranger, they complained loudly of the "requisitions" and the miseries they were made to undergo. I could not but remind them that a patient submission was their only course, that in the game of war two could not win, and that all this sort of thing was intended for the Germans. Of course, the poor individual peasants shrugged their shoulders and disclaimed all share in the war.

At Pont-à-Mousson I felt myself in a conquered country. This small, pretty town is thoroughly French, but I heard more German than French spoken. I lodged opposite the Hôtel de Ville, and over that is written in German, "Not unto us, but unto Thee, O God, be all the glory." A great clattering of horses, hoofs resound through the streets, and a beautiful German hymn, sung by five hundred manly voices, marks the passage of a squadron of Landwehr cavalry. They are mounted on stout serviceable horses, fully equal to those of any English cavalry regiment; their uniform is white, or what was white, and a bright steel helmet covers the head. These are veritable Ironsides, called out as the last reserve, respectable God-fearing men, to

whom the word "fatherland" means a great deal, for they are for the most part fathers of families and well-to-do yeomen; and such men are pouring into France by hundreds of thousands, each fully alive to the political question, and determined to settle it themselves, for at least their day and generation, by their own lances and broad swords. Another squadron follows, but of so different a sort that you might suppose it belonged to another country in alliance with Prussia. These are hussars, with crimson uniforms; light, active men, mounted on wiry light horses full of blood, and officered by the most dashing young dandies of the country. But what are those half-dozen horsemen forming an escort to a waggon? They are apparently Poles; they wear the square Polish cap, and carry the lance with pennon. These are, however, the famous Uhlans, so world-renowned, whose fame has caused, I am told, no little jealousy amongst the rest of the cavalry, for hussars and other corps have performed daring and adventurous deeds, and the French have invariably described them as "audacious Uhlans." But who are these Uhlans, after all? I have been assured that they represent very faithfully the German *bourgeoisie*, and that their enterprise and marvellous local knowledge in the enemy's country is due to the large number of commercial travellers in their ranks, who know every by-road and short cut in France!

I have seen scores of military hospitals and noticed every form of human misery therein, but the saddest of all sad sights, which wrung my heart the most, was the march of columns of French prisoners through French towns. The dashing soldiers with their jaunty kepis, who but a few weeks ago marched through these very towns on their military promenade to Berlin, cheered by an infatuated people, after having been marched, countermarched, harassed, starved, and thoroughly beaten from each battle-field, are now captured by tens of thousands, and marched footsore, weary, dejected, and diseased, as a humiliating spectacle to their own people.

Few men suffice to guard them; they look so like an overdriven flock of sheep, that the idea of guarding them seems almost absurd. Every other man limps, and a good many wasted with dysentery are carried in waggons until a convenient hospital receives them. The people stand by, some with tears in their eyes, most with bread and fruit or bottles of wine to offer them. What bitter humiliation is France now drinking to the dregs!

I have conversed with numbers of Frenchmen, and they talked most freely after hearing that I was an Englishman. I regretted to find that their military vanity is simply ineradicable. "We are betrayed," they cry; "each marshal has been bought by Prussian gold, every general is a traitor, excepting those killed, and had they lived all would have been changed." They relate with delight how some *France-tireurs* put to flight a squadron of cavalry, or how a regiment of *Chasseurs d'Afrique* swept all before it, and they seem to believe what they say. Twenty years hence not a French youth will know a tithe of the humiliation of his country in the year 1870, if he knows anything of it at all.

There were of course official notices all over the towns, and these were curious. The mayor "exhorts the citizens to be quiet and orderly," and "regrets" certain occurrences. Another notice summoned all men to bring to the *Hôtel de Ville* every species of arms of whatever kind, the fowling-pieces to be returned after the war. Then followed a Draconian Code threatening with death everyone who in any way impedes the march of the troops, any citizen who fires on them, anyone who sets fire to a house in which troops are lodged, or who injures a railway or bridge, and so on. All window shutters are to be open during the passage of troops, and during such time all rooms overlooking the street are to have at least one light. Any spy, or anyone harbouring a spy, is to be shot. Such is war. Another municipal notice was dictated by myself, and most kindly accorded to by the mayor, who heartily seconded my sanitary efforts. It warned the people of the danger of an epidemic

of typhus, and exhorted them to cleanse their stables and dwelling-houses. For two or three days after this the smells were awful, but the result was eventually most satisfactory.

Since my return home I have read a letter signed "Azamat Batuk," giving the most incredible details of Prussian outrages on French private property and even persons. Not having been near Sedan I do not presume to contradict even hearsay assertions, I can only give my own personal experience of the behaviour of the Prussian troops in a conquered country.

Azamat Batuk says, "There is no more a single grain of corn or anything else to be found anywhere where the warriors have passed." Now, had a number of tourists equalling that of the warriors passed through any part of England, precisely the same scarcity would be complained of. All the corn would have been bought up. In time of war necessities are also bought *by requisition*, the conquerors paying eventually, and this is in strict accordance with civilized warfare. He asserts also that "wine cellars have been broken into, and the contents absorbed, carried away, or poured into the streets."

At Nancy I purchased large quantities of wine and brandy for the sick and wounded, and while tasting samples at more than one wine merchant's, I really might have fancied myself in London, with such quiet and order were our negotiations conducted. There was a complaint of scarcity, certainly, and this was very naturally accounted for by the crowds of Prussian officers drinking and *paying* for the wines at the hotels, and paying a good price too, and the impossibility of re-stocking the merchants' cellars, owing to the interruption of railway conveyance for goods.

We are next told that "time-pieces, women's dresses, and linen curtains, even pieces of furniture, are taken away as if they were necessities." I can only say that in the midst of the army in the field, I have walked through richly furnished houses, and, while Prussian soldiers were bivouacking on the floors,

to my astonishment I have seen costly and easily moveable clocks and works of art standing on brackets uninjured.

As to "the arrogance of German officials," I must remark that they are pestered to death by amateurs, and it is very possible that they may occasionally lose their temper. I can only say that having been about six weeks amongst these "arrogant officials," often teasing them by my wants, I cannot record a single instance of even incivility, while the courtesy, real kindness, and hospitality I have met with can never be effaced from my mind. I once asked one of these "arrogant officials" if it were possible for me to find a bed in the village. I was to him an absolute stranger, but he undertook to find me one, and I enjoyed through his kindness what I sorely needed, a good night's rest. Judge of my surprise and shame when I discovered next morning that my host had slept on straw and given me his own bed!

I have walked for miles through these German hosts, munching their ration bread, and enduring singular hardships, while delicious ripe grapes hung in millions of clusters in the vineyards, perfectly accessible, and young maidens peacefully gathering them, and the soldiers respected both grapes and virgins. At Pont-à-Mousson I found, amidst the stress of war, a large church full of dysenteric and typhoid soldiers laid on dirty straw. I undertook, with the sanction and gratitude of the "arrogant officials," to put the place in order. The first urgent necessity was that of bedsteads. I at once called for carpenters, and undertook to make bedsteads out of the pews. This was forbidden, as being an invasion of Church property! and so I had to get the beds from England, a very long and tedious process, and the poor sick were for many days without beds, lest ecclesiastical susceptibilities should be wounded.

Being an old campaigner, I cannot but remember other scenes and contrast them with these. I made a short campaign on the Danube under Omer Pasha in 1854, and there I saw numerous villages,

not in the enemy's country, the inhabitants of which had fled to seek the protection of the Russians. Dismal stories of outrage were there too rife, but as I never saw such I will say no more on that point; but this I did see—doors, window-frames, and roofs used as fuel by the Turkish soldiers, and the vineyards destroyed in all directions, and every man, woman, and child gone to seek protection with the invader.

It was, of course, to be expected that there would be a loud outcry against the "barbarian" Prussians the moment they ventured to invade the sacred soil of France, and there are not wanting partisans ready to quote chapter and verse in proof of barbarities. That acts of unjustifiable cruelty have occasionally happened is more than probable, seeing the vast number of invaders and the spiteful acts of provocation endured from time to time. While I was at Pont-à-Mousson, a Prussian officer was shot at, but missed; nevertheless the town was mulcted to the amount of 40,000fr. I was then told that certain rules were laid down to check this irregular warfare. If anyone not in uniform or not belonging to a recognized military corps was detected shooting at any one of the invaders, he was at once shot; if, as in the above case, the culprit were not caught, the town or commune was fined in proportion to the offences; if several shots were fired from, or in the neighbourhood of, a village, the hamlet was burned down. Quiet and humane as the Germans certainly are, they never flinch for a moment in carrying out these military rules.

I regretted to find that the longer I stayed with the army the more bitter became the feeling of the Germans. Several instances occurred of the French firing on flags of truce; and when the explosion at Laon occurred, the whole German army seemed to burn for vengeance. I heard a thoughtful colonel say that he sincerely hoped his troops would never enter Paris, as he feared terrible acts of reprisal.

Campaigning presents every alternation of joy and sorrow, hunger and

affluence, discomfort and luxury. At one time men and officers may be suffering the pangs of famine, at another time they may be revelling in good living, and washing down delicious meats with draughts of champagne and burgundy. To most minds this forms the charm of a soldier's life, for men will do anything to escape monotony.

On the 21st of September I was present at a grand steeplechase near Corny. The course was over the park of a French marquis whose château was occupied by Prince Frederick Charles. The scene was eminently warlike. The young officers, full of joyous animal life, rode well and daringly over the fences, while close by were the fresh graves of numerous comrades, and at a few paces distant hospital tents were full of men suffering from ghastly wounds, fever, and dysentery. In ordinary times it might be deemed gross bad taste to hold a horse race amidst death and suffering. Decency might demand an appearance at least of respectful sympathy to be shown by a grave and melancholy aspect, but in time of war such a course would be unwise, if not fatal. The best plan is to fight against every depressing influence as well as against the enemy, and a wise commander will never fail to take every opportunity of giving his troops some fun and pleasurable excitement. While the horses were running, we heard from time to time the deep booming of the guns of Metz, and ever and anon a slight accident would call forth loud and joyous peals of laughter, which did the sick and wounded no harm, but rather good.

We all recollect how in the beginning of hostilities the Germans sought to make light both of the Chassepot and mitrailleuse. They can afford now to speak frankly on the subject, and they acknowledge that both are terrible weapons; of course, their valour shines all the brighter, since these deadly implements have not checked them for a moment.

I suppose in no war, except that of America, have private efforts so ably seconded the regular governmental staff

for the relief of the sick and wounded. Money and stores have poured in from all quarters, native and foreign, and yet at times the wants seemed illimitable; there was always something wanting, and the depôts of these societies were always running short. The Johanniter, or Knights of St. John, have of course the largest and most complete organization; their depôts are in every town of any importance all along the war track; the knights of different degrees wear a uniform with the cross of the Order round their necks, and their duty consists in making incessant calls at the hospitals to see what is needed and supply it. At Saarbrück there is, too, both a Belgian and Dutch ambulance complete. I believe they arrived in the early part of August. Last month our own Society had not yet made its presence much felt about Metz. Since the commencement of October, according to Captain Brackenbury's letter in the *Times*, our Society seems to have taken

a leading part in the relief of the sick and wounded. Writing on the 4th of October, he says that "one month ago we had no organization in this district." At that time the hospitals were as full of sick and wounded as our coffers were of gold.

There is no doubt of the enormous utility of these private societies when intelligently worked: at the same time I should like to see more military surgeons and fewer titles on our committee.

What would be said of a committee for the defence of London with only one military man upon it, and he seldom present at its deliberations? It seems to me that the members of the medical profession are either remiss in coming forward on such occasions, or else they are snubbed; while lords, like the revolutionary leaders of Paris, are ready to command a fleet, or an army, or perform a surgical operation, at a moment's warning.

THE EXISTING POOR LAW OF ENGLAND.

BY C. B. CLARKE.

AMONG the many home questions of the day, perhaps no one is thought more serious by the politico-economic philosophers than that of the Poor Law; and unpleasant symptoms have lately forced the subject prominently upon the notice of the general public, and magazines and newspapers have had frequent articles bearing thereon.

The foundation of the English Poor Law, when established by the Elizabethan statute, lay in the idea that there is always an indefinite quantity of work for man to do, and it was accordingly enacted that employment for all labourers out of employ should be found by their respective parishes. The political economists of that day did not observe that the employing of a labourer does not of itself feed him; that the paying him for his labour is a distinct matter; and that, in order to afford indefinite employment in the sense really intended, an indefinite capital was required also. Adam Smith pointed out with detailed lucidity that capital is not indefinite in amount, and that the particular capital suitable for and devoted to the maintenance of labourers is a still more closely restricted fund. Still, for some two centuries the old Poor Law did not bring about its own abolition. Until the population had increased and pressed upon the margin of fertile land so that the yeomen of England had sunk largely into labourers, and until, combined with this, the wholesale destruction of national capital in the great French war had at length told upon the wage-fund, the old Poor Law was found endurable. But for some time before the climax was reached it had been discovered that "employment" could not be created *ad libitum* by Act of Parliament,¹ and the

general plan was to pay the unemployed labourers a subsistence allowance of money from the parish without exacting any labour in return. Also, long before this climax in the evils of the old Poor Law, it had come to be seen that it was not employment but subsistence which the labourer wanted, and it came to be understood that the Poor Law really guaranteed subsistence to all. When, in accordance with this view, in the later days of the old Poor Law, wages fell below the sum required for the subsistence of a family, the wages of each family in employment were made up to the subsistence allowance from the parish funds. This system it was soon evident would reduce the whole nation to pauperism, and thereupon the new Poor Law was enacted.

The New Poor Law is really grounded on the notion that every individual born is entitled, as of natural right, to a bare subsistence from the State. It does not appear that any doubts ever cross the public mind concerning the ability of the State to guarantee such a subsistence. In the great Irish famine thousands died of starvation at our own doors, and yet, when millions died of starvation in Orissa, the British public thought it must have been Sir Cecil Beadon's fault, or at any rate some other official's fault. If, indeed, the State can guarantee to all a bare subsistence by a Poor Law, it may be fairly asked why the State shall not guarantee a competency to all, or, at all events, why the State can just guarantee a bare subsistence, but not one

have for two generations imagined that the quantity of work required to be done in any given trade is independent of the price to be paid for it; and it does not appear that the Trades' Union political leaders see any natural limit to the price which society may be compelled to pay by a close union and judicious strikes.

¹ It is an instructive fact for the "History of Human Error" that the Trades' Unions

iota more. What law of nature fixes the line just at a bare subsistence? This is a question which I think the supporters of the new Poor Law, on philanthropic grounds, will find it very difficult to answer. When the devisers of the new Poor Law guaranteed a bare subsistence to all, they had, perhaps, an indefinite unspoken imagination that as a born labourer was, by the regulations of society, deprived of his natural share of the surface of the earth, society was under some obligation of giving him compensation. The notion of the public was that it was a horrible thing that in wealthy England any man should be starved to death, and this notion remains now the principal support of the new Poor Law in public opinion. The new Poor Law, however, while really established on these theories, professed to be little more than a reform back to the purity of the Elizabethan statute: employment should be found, and houses of industry were to be built, in which work should be provided for all unemployed persons. But in practice the improvement on the old Poor Law was far greater than in theory, and this induced the philosophers to support the new Poor Law at its introduction, though it fell entirely short of their views, nay, proceeded on assumptions that they believed to be erroneous. The modern favourite theory of political moderation, that if you cannot get all you want you are bound to accept anything that is an improvement on the existing state of things, has been, perhaps, the most fatal check to political progress which has been established in England. The French are more philosophical. Under the new Poor Law, 1st, Out-door relief is rarely given to the able-bodied; 2nd, The workhouse is made so uncomfortable a prison that no man will enter it except at extremity; 3rd, Husbands and wives are completely separated in the workhouses,—which last provision, though dear to the theorists, and frequently argued upon, is nearly without effect in diminishing the number of paupers born. The first two points have, however, been

very effectual in preventing the new Poor Law from working out its own condemnation. It is comparatively only lately that the growth of public philanthropy has caused a more free operation of the new Poor Law by insisting on its being worked more charitably, and by taking the immediate pressure for economy off Boards of Guardians, by widening the area of taxation. Now it is seen (as in the latter days of the old Poor Law) that pauperism is increasing in a much higher ratio than population, and that expenditure on paupers is increasing in a much higher ratio than the national capital; and still more it is seen with just and lively apprehension that there is absolutely no limit to these increasing ratios, and that unless some alteration in the administration at least, if not in the principles, of the Poor Law can be devised, national ruin we are travelling to. Something must be done.

The philosophers have known very well for the last half-century what ought to be done, and from Malthus to Mill they have done their duty in putting their convictions forward with such staring distinctness that they could not be altogether overlooked; and verily they have had their reward in abuse and misrepresentation. About seven years ago the *Times* concluded a brilliant leader on the Poor Laws and Malthus with the consolatory reflection: "Few, however, are now influenced by the hard-hearted theories of that morose old man," a sentence which, while it displayed transcendent ignorance both of the old man and his theories, proved a very decent acquaintance with the public conception regarding both. Before, however, proceeding to put forward the politico-economical remedy out of England's present difficulty, I will give some of the simple considerations promised at starting.

The popular notion is that, if there were no Poor Law, multitudes would die of starvation. I suggest sometimes in conversation that there is no other country in the world that has a Poor Law like the English, nor even any kind of machinery which produces the

same effect ; yet we see more deaths from want in England than in France, or Prussia, or Belgium, or Austria. My friend replies that England is very densely populated. I argue that Belgium is more densely populated and is a poorer country, and yet gets on without an English Poor Law. My friend is obliged at last to say, with a little national shame, "Well, the truth is, though England is such a rich country as a whole, the English poor are poorer, and in greater number, than in any of those foreign countries you mention, and therefore we are obliged to have a Poor Law." I then lead my friend on a step further, by suggesting that there must be causes why the English poor are poorer and more numerous than in other poorer countries, and that possibly *one main cause is the Poor Law itself*. This is a little startling, and I continue, "Suppose during this year, under the new Poor Law, there is given away five millions' worth of food to paupers ; if you will allow me to give away for two or three years only ten millions' worth, I will undertake that the number of paupers shall be doubled. Nay more, on the other hand, if the State shall reduce the amount disbursed one million's worth, you will find pauperism will reduce itself to one-fifth its present dimensions. The State can have just so many paupers as it chooses to pay for, and the number of paupers is really decided by Act of Parliament as much as the number of soldiers and sailors." My friend exclaims with horror, "Oh, you are about to propose to get rid of the paupers by starving them to death." I rejoin, "Not exactly so ; it is true that the best way of getting rid of pauperism is to starve it out, but you may see that all philosophers who have insisted upon this have been careful to provide for the existing paupers, but to provide also against the growth of future pauperism by cutting off the supply of public money, so that we should then start afresh in the position of Belgium." My friend still fears that this would only amount to keeping down the future

population by the most stringent Malthusianism, and that it would mean the starvation of the generation of young paupers springing up. This shrewd remark compels me to show my hand more freely, and I confess that will be so, but it will be so in a less degree than at this moment. A few years ago a statistician discovered that in London, whereas 80 per cent of the children of the rich lived to five years old, only 50 per cent of the children of the poor attained that age. A powerful philanthropic society was at once formed to remedy this horror. Nothing could be plainer than that the excess of poor children was swept away by what Malthus called indirect starvation, i.e. by a smaller amount of food, warmth, and care, than that necessary to preserve the maximum number alive. The philanthropic society failed absolutely ; good heavens ! what if it had succeeded ? Take any particular London trade, and consider what would have been its position at this instant, with 50 per cent more artisans in it to be employed. Where would wages be now in that trade, and how could the existing standard of civilization be maintained ? But further, if the Poor Law were abolished, the Malthusian checks would work less harshly than now ; for (it will be presently seen) the wages of the lowest class of labourers would rise, and habits of foresight among them would be fostered. Prudence in marriage would also come into operation among this class, but would not, I think, be carried anywhere near the point advocated by Mr. Mill. In some districts of the Continent parents will not bring more children into the world than they see their way surely to provide for, and the population is nearly stationary ; but ought this state of things to be wished for ? What will Professor Huxley say on the subject ? I suspect he would prefer that a considerable excess of children should be born ; that a considerable percentage of this excess, viz. the feeble, the sickly, and the depauperated, should be weeded out in the struggle for existence ; that the remainder of the

excess should be driven to emigrate; and that he would be satisfied to be consoled by the Darwinian reflection that the happy and the strong would survive to enjoy life and continue their race. It seems clear, indeed, that unless some excess of children are born, the human race must steadily deteriorate to its final extinction. The public mind is assuredly better prepared than it was a very few years back, in the contemplation of these questions, to ask, not what is pleasantly delusive, not what is conformable to human dignity and vanity, but simply what is true.

I have stated above by anticipation, that if the existing Poor Law were abolished, the wages of the lowest class would rise. An abstract proof of this is that as by hypothesis these labourers can now only just subsist by their wages, subsidized by Poor Law relief during sickness, old age, and want of employ, if that subsidy was cut off they could not subsist; that is, they would save alive fewer children, and wages would rise. But as a "simple consideration" in support of the theorem, take any agricultural parish in which *one* able-bodied pauper is kept in the Union. He is kept there in such a state of discomfort that he is ready to go out and work for the smallest wage that will keep body and soul together. Consequently, so long as he is so kept, *the labourers of that parish cannot possibly get more than that lowest rate of wage.* In spring, when a farmer wants more hands, he invariably trots off to the Union, and takes two or three labourers thereof who have spent the latter half of the winter as paupers. As the farmers are the chief rate-payers, they always take the pauper out a little before the time—he is quite worth the wages given—and engage him then for the season. It must be unnecessary to enlarge on the power thus given by the Poor Law (combined with its Settlement Laws, which practically prevent the pauper getting employment in any parish but his own), of screwing down the price of labour to the minimum subsistence point. In cases where, from emigration or from

any extra demand, the Union supply is exhausted, I have sometimes known the most sudden and enormous rise occur in agricultural wages in a parish; for when a farmer is once driven to import labour, he often has to pay dear for it; and as there cannot be two prices for one thing at the same place and time, he is then invariably soon driven to raise all his parochial labourers up to the price of the imported labour.

There is another way in which the maintenance by the nation of a million paupers presses with extreme weight on the class verging on pauperism. On any occasion of short supply of provisions, this million require and obtain the same feeding as on other occasions. Now short supply means increased importation, and increased importation is only effected by enhancement of price. The enhancement of price, caused by, and necessary for, the import of the last number of quarters of wheat required for feeding the million of paupers, falls entirely on the self-supporting, struggling, lowest class. When the consumption of provisions diminishes in England, owing to our corn-factors putting the nation on short allowance, neither the rich nor the paupers reduce their consumption, and the whole pinch falls on the lowest class out of the workhouses, and, as the figures show, too often drives them into the workhouses in crowds.

It is therefore plainly not true that the evils of maintaining a million of national paupers are merely a matter of poor-rates, affecting the rich. It is impossible for any nation to keep a million of population who are not wanted, and who produce nothing, without grievously affecting the industrious poor also.

The objection to the existing Poor Law, which at present is most glaring to the popular eye, is the demoralization produced by it in the labouring class. Many a labourer who earns good wages, double those of the average farm-labourer, will neither put by a penny, nor join any club or assurance society. He says, "The parish is bound to support me and my children when I am ill or out of work, and also when I am past

work. I gain nothing by saving or subscribing to a club; indeed my so doing only amounts indirectly to my voluntarily subscribing to the parish rates myself—a likely story." This part of the subject has been long ago exhausted by the philosophers, and summed up admirably by Mr. Mill. A *Guardian* has recently written an article in *Macmillan's Magazine* describing the same thing, somewhat dilutedly, as a discovery of his own apparently; but the article is none the less useful, as the public do not read the philosophers. This *guardian* is in despair at the state of things that has been arrived at; but he expresses a faint hope that an improvement might be caused by getting better guardians! The philosophers long ago settled among themselves that the improvement wanted is to cut away the giant national scourge clean and for ever. An extreme instance of the kind of demoralization induced is that an old soldier can get no parochial relief until he has legally assigned over his pension to the guardians, which seriously reduces the value of pensions. This part of the system, too, is the main cause why the Malthusian check of starvation is so rampant in Britain: a man is quite careless about the responsibility of taking a wife so long as he thinks there is another party bound to maintain his children for him. The total abolition of the English Poor Law would, beyond a doubt, diminish both the starvation and the infant mortality in the country.

Not the least evil, under the existing Poor Law, is the Settlement Law which it necessitates. I have found, in a strictly maritime parish, wages fifty per cent higher than in the next inland parish. The men of the maritime village will sooner "take a cruise" than submit to the lowest rate of wage—a bare subsistence. The farmers of the maritime parish are therefore obliged to give higher wages; for the same law of settlement which prevents wages rising in the next inland parish prevents also the farmer importing labour thence. Such great artificial variations in the rate of wages are very bad for the labouring

class as a body. It must not be understood that the Settlement Law does all this evil directly. It no doubt causes farmers to hesitate before allowing foreign labourers to gain a settlement in their parish; but besides this, farmers have a general notion that they are bound to employ, if possible, the labourers in their own parish, and that to take even from the workhouse a labourer of an adjoining parish is to interfere with their neighbours' labour supply. Practically, in many of the agricultural parishes of the South and East of England, labourers are still attached to the soil, i.e. they have no option but to work on one farm, to which they are supposed to belong; for if they do not work there on their master's terms, no other farmer in the parish will employ them, and when an agricultural labourer threatens to strike, his employer is generally able to retort, "Take whatever wages I choose to offer you, or go to the Union."

Many persons, perhaps, do not consider the payment of poor-rates a severe national calamity. They consider that these rates, being invariably attached to property, are no tax on a capitalist who buys a landed estate, or a farmer who hires a farm. A farmer will estimate the value of a certain farm to him at 30s. per acre, and if he knows that the rates have lately averaged 2s. 6d. per acre, he will only bid 27s. 6d. per acre rent. In the same way, when the landlord sells that farm, the purchaser estimates the rent at 27s. 6d. per acre, and makes his bid accordingly. Moreover, it will be argued that the poor-rates are a system of national charity which does little more than compel the avaricious, the niggardly, and the hard-hearted to contribute their fair quota towards the alleviation of their poor brethren's lot, and it is feared that if national relief is abolished, and the support of the poor is left to private charity, as proposed by the political economists, an unfair share of the cost will be thrown on the generous and the tender-hearted,—and moreover the whole of the painful trouble of administration.

Now, in contravention of these notions, I remark first, that the rates do not fall only on great landowners and farmers; they fall most oppressively on the class of small householders; and it is the opinion of modern political economists, that small householders in many cases pay the tax, *i.e.* that if the poor-rate were abolished, landlords would be unable to raise their rents, because house-rent is in many instances ultimately determined by the cost of building. But further, though a property-tax, when permanently laid on, is no tax on a purchaser or occupier, yet it does not follow that it makes no difference to the nation whether the proceeds of it should be expended in maintaining the gigantic curse of pauperism, or on some useful object. The poor-rate has come to be so attached to property, that to abolish that rate would be to give an unequal state-present to the various holders of property. In case any radical alteration in the Poor Law be introduced, leading up to an early extinction of pauperism, then by the same statute the average poor-rate paid during the last seven years must be fixed as a permanent property-tax for ever. Supposing pauperism finally extinguished, this would be equivalent to reducing the National Debt by from one-third to one-fourth its present amount, and the margin thus obtained might be actually employed in removing taxes which press on the poor; so that the real amount of relief given to the poor might be the same as at present, only it would be given to the deserving self-supporting poor, instead of to paupers, the major part of whom are undeserving. The amount given would really be yet greater than this; for under the Poor Law a large percentage of the expenditure goes in establishment expenses of all kinds.

As to the second ground of alarm, I need only point out, that in countries where there exists nothing parallel with the English Poor Law, the call on private charity is not more heavy than it is now in England, in addition to the weight of poor-rates. We simply come

round to my first elementary consideration, *viz.* that to cut off the support of pauperism is assuredly to destroy pauperism.

I will now sketch out the one remedy for this national plague-spot, premising that it is no novel invention of my own. That remedy is simply the total abolition of the Poor Law, with a liberal provision for the existing race of paupers. I should propose to enact (as proposed by Mr. Mill) that no child born after the date of the Act abolishing the Poor Law should ever have any claim to be supported by the State. All able-bodied paupers now on the parish, and all pauper children on reaching seventeen years of age, I would emigrate. As regards future able-bodied paupers, I would reserve a discretion whether the State should keep them in a few selected workhouses at home, or whether they should also be emigrated. They might be emigrated; but if the labourers of England (or more possibly of Ireland) were found to make themselves paupers in order to get themselves emigrated at the Government expense, this might be checked by the workhouses. The non-able-bodied might be all given out-door relief, the workhouses at once closed, the public orphan-schools alone remaining, which would come to an absolute end in seventeen years. These would probably be replaced by a private charitable system, which would place orphan or deserted children under foster-mothers, as is already found the cheaper and better plan by many boards of guardians. Under this scheme the expenses of the poor-rate would at once be reduced largely, and in ten years would probably be less than one-third their present amount. I should propose to emigrate all the children, and not turn them out to knock down by their competition the wages that could otherwise be attainable by the children of self-supporting labourers.

Under such a system, I should expect the wages of artisans, and of all labourers now earning on the average 20s. per week, or more, to be not greatly affected; but I should expect agricultu-

ral wages to rise rapidly to an average of 15s. or 20s. per week. The ordinary explanation given of the lowness of agricultural wages, viz. that agricultural labour is not skilled labour, is insufficient. It takes a whole life, from early childhood, to make a good farm-labourer, and there is often but one first-class ploughman on a large farm. Hardly any kind of industry requires so long an apprenticeship, for the operations are varied, and demand the exercise of much more thought and judgment than many manufacturing arts. The processes of pin-making require an amount of mechanical skill which takes some years to acquire perhaps, but a man who can really hoe turnips well must have years of experience, power of observation, and must think all the time he is at work. The true reason agricultural labour is paid only about half the wages of artisan labour in the same parish is, that the agricultural labourers are those held firm in the fangs of the English Poor Laws, while the artisans, by their Trades' Unions, and by custom, are largely exempt from its blighting and malignant influence. When, by the abolition of the Poor Law, the agricultural labourer is put in the position of the country artisan, he will adopt several of the artisan's plans, and be soon independent of private charity. He will have the means (and will be compelled) to join clubs which will support him through sickness. If he finds he cannot also make a proper provision, either by assurance, or by saving for his old age, he will very generally shift his ground, and go to a country where he can. It will be many years yet before the whole world is full. He will think twice before he gets married, and if he

determines to marry young, he will do as many of his betters now do who meditate that imprudence—he will emigrate thereat and thereon.

It may still be asked, What is to become of the farmers if all your sanguine expectations are realized, and agricultural wages raised 75 per cent? To this I reply, first, It would be a question for landlords only, and their amount of loss would, in any case, I believe, only temporarily (like the repeal of the Corn Laws) interrupt the steady increase in value of their property. But further, I doubt whether an increase in the wages of farm-labourers would really increase the cost of farm-work. Many farmers complain that their labourers cannot work as labourers did forty years ago, and farmers themselves have talked to me on the policy of raising considerably farm-wages, on the principle that it is a mistaken economy to underfeed cart-horses.

Finally, if the Poor Laws are not to be absolutely abolished, and very shortly, I think the best policy of the enlightened will be to support the proposal for a National Rate and a Central Administration. Were the New Poor Law thus set free to operate without the obstructions caused by local causes, I feel sure that the pace at which England would proceed down the declivity would in a very few years bring about all that the political economists desire. I would strongly advise my countrymen who feel the importance of this subject, and a conscientious desire to learn the truth about it, to withdraw a fraction of their time spent on the hasty perusal of modern magazine articles, and devote it to a close study of Malthus's three chapters "On Poor Laws."

A STORY OF VIONVILLE.

BY F. M. F. SKENE.

THE 15th of July, 1870! Assuredly the world can never know, or even guess, the countless number of unrecorded tragedies to which that fatal date has been the key-note; and in truth it has been hardly possible for the spectators of the tremendous drama which is being enacted before our eyes on the Continent, to realize instances of individual suffering in that one stupendous agony of conflict, which has made life more terrible than death to many who have survived it. We know well, of course, that the whole vast sum of pain and anguish is but the accumulation of individual pangs, felt in each separate life and heart with that incommunicable sense of suffering which is inherent to the mystery of personal identity; but while the death-roll of the war numbers thousands almost daily, and we read of the "heaps of blue and red" upon the battle-field, representing whole regiments mowed down like sheaves of corn, it is difficult to remember that each unit of those lifeless masses was the centre of a little world of love, and hope, and fear, all turned now to bitterest regret. Perhaps we should understand better what this war really has been, if we looked a little more closely to some of its details as affecting individuals; and we have it in our power now to make known one history perfectly true in its startling romance, which may serve as an instance of the havoc this great conflict has made in many thousand homes.

It was the 15th of July, 1870, and a telegram had just been brought to a quiet little country house, nestling in one of the loveliest nooks of the New Forest, with all the peacefulness of the sunset hour falling on its green lawns and smiling gardens.

The drawing-room, which was very bright and pleasant in its aspect of home

comfort, was occupied by three ladies. One, an elderly woman with traces of former beauty on her faded face, lay on a sofa, evidently in feeble health, and with that air of languor and passive indifference to everything but her own feelings, which often becomes the habitual condition of an invalid of long standing. By her side sat a lady, still young and handsome, but whose widow's cap and somewhat sad expression showed that the more stirring hours of life were already past for her. The third was a girl, of about two-and-twenty years of age, who was standing at the window, looking out with her dark eyes fixed immovably on that part of the winding avenue where any one coming from the high road to the house would first be visible. She was rigidly calm; but there was a look of tension and endurance on her fair face which showed that she was resolutely repressing some strong agitation, that was plainly visible in the clenching of her small hands together and the quivering of her lips.

Suddenly, like a swift breeze rippling in a moment the still waters of a lake, a crimson flush of excitement passed over her face, her eyes opened wide, and her lips parted in eager expectation, while her breast rose and fell rapidly with her hurried breathing. She had seen the messenger with the telegram, and, turning round, she looked anxiously towards the door, which was speedily opened by a servant bringing it in.

"A telegram for Mrs. Tremeneere," he said, going towards the young widow lady, who exclaimed, as she took it from him—

"Harry has been as good as his word: he promised that whatever news there was we should know it."

Hurriedly she opened the envelope, read the few words it contained, then

letting it drop on the floor, she looked up at the girl standing now pale as marble before her, and exclaimed—

"Oh, Clare, my poor sister, it is indeed the declaration of war!" As she spoke, the invalid lady on the sofa gave a faint shriek, and said, in a fretful voice—

"Really, Isabel, you might have a little consideration for me; how do you suppose I can bear such a shock to my nerves in my weak state?" and she began to sob hysterically.

"Dear mother, I am so sorry," said Mrs. Tremeneere, hastily rising, and beginning to bathe her forehead with eau de cologne; "but naturally this terrible news made me think first of Clare."

Meanwhile her sister had raised the telegram from the floor, and read it through. It was from her cousin, one of the employés in the Foreign Office, simply stating that war had been declared between France and Prussia; and when she had thoroughly scanned every syllable of the brief sentence, she walked slowly out of the room.

Into thousands upon thousands of homes that day the same message made its way, waking varying anxieties, no doubt, in each and all of them, but this was the meaning it bore for Clare Acton.

On the 1st of August, one fortnight from this date, she was to have been married in the parish church of her home to Max von Rudersheim, who was a Captain in a Prussian regiment of cavalry, and would certainly be one of the first to respond to the summons addressed to the whole Fatherland, in the two momentous words uttered by the Crown Prince at the station, "*Krieg! Mobil!*"

Clare Acton had met him for the first time two years before at Ems, where her mother had gone for the benefit of her health; and although this girl with her earnest character and high principle, coming pure and unworldly from her country home, was not one to yield her affections lightly to any man, it need be no matter of surprise that Max, utterly captivated by her as

he was, soon won the whole treasure of her love, to be unreservedly his for ever.

He was a specimen of the very best type of the German character, with as noble and generous a soul as ever lived shining out of his blue eyes, and inspiring every action of his blameless, kindly life: a devoted son to the old Graf and Gräfin, who lived in the Schloss that had been the home of his family for centuries, the tenderest of brothers to his one little sister Truda, it had been left to the dark-eyed English girl to prove what a deep and faithful love he could give to the woman he chose as his wife. Her character harmonized well with his in its somewhat rare combination of courage and gentleness, and they loved each other well, with a love which up to this day had never known the shadow of a cloud except from the delay in their marriage, which had been necessitated by various circumstances.

In the first place, the good old Graf was richer in armorial bearings and hereditary honours of various kinds than in the gold pieces, of which the excesses of past generations had left a too scanty supply, and Max must wait till he got his company before he could hope to surround his wife with all the comforts he wished to secure for her. Then a more insurmountable obstacle lay in the fact that Clare did not know how to leave her widowed mother, whose only other child, Isabel Tremeneere, was in India with her husband. Mrs. Acton was in bad health, and quite unfit to be left alone; so there was no resource but to wait, and that for an indefinite time; and it was undoubtedly a sharp trial to both, though their perfect trust in one another tended greatly to soften it, and they looked forward hopefully and bravely to the bright day that sooner or later was to give them to each other.

Clare went to visit Max's father and mother in the picturesque old Schloss, and the Graf and Gräfin fell almost as much in love with her calm sweet face as Max had done before them, while pretty Truda clung to her with all the enthusiastic admiration of a romantic German girl of seventeen.

Constant intercourse had been kept up between the families for two years, and by the end of that time all obstacles to the marriage so much desired by every one had rolled away like mists before the morning sun. Max had got his company, and a charming compliment from his beloved Prince—"unser Fritz"—when he commanded his men at a royal review; and Mrs. Tremeneere had come home a childless widow from India, to welcome with delight the prospect of an occupation and interest in life, in the care of her invalid mother, whose favourite she had always been. Mrs. Acton was now quite willing, even desirous, that Clare should go to make her home in her adopted country; for the self-absorbed invalid found it suited her best to live alone, with one person entirely devoted to her comfort, and her youngest daughter's high tone of mind and strong good sense often made her feel uneasily the contrast with her own small weaknesses. But besides all this, a sad event had taken place in the old Schloss, which alone would have made Max overcome every other obstacle in order to be able to bring his gentle Clare to take her place as a loving daughter to his parents: for their special darling, winning little Truda, had been suddenly taken from them after a very short illness, and, in their unaccustomed loneliness and grief, they looked with longing to the time when Clare would come to make her home with them—as it had been decided she should do—that their son might still remain with them in spite of his marriage.

All was sunshine, therefore, for Max and Clare, at the hour when the storm-cloud of war broke with such desolating suddenness over their fair prospects; and as Clare stood motionless in her room after she had read that fatal telegram, trying to realize what it was that had come upon her, the vision seemed to rise before her mind of what that 1st of August would have been on which their longing hopes had so long been fixed, and for which every preparation had already been made.

The kind old Rector who had christened her was looking forward to the

hour when by his means her young life was to be crowned with its brightest joy; her merry cousins, Harry's sisters, had prepared the fascinating bridesmaids' dresses, with which they were to do their best to outshine the bride; and even the little village girls were carefully tending the flowers with which they were to strew the path beneath her feet. She could see the scene as she had so often pictured it, with her noble Max standing all glad and thankful by her side.

"And now, when that day comes, he will be far away on the deadly battlefield, and I shall not know even if he is alive or dead," thought poor Clare, writhing with the pain of the bitter contrast; "but I must, I will, see him before he goes," she added, beginning to pace the room from side to side as if she would have gone to him then and there. "Yes, that is certain; somehow I must look on his face once again, before I see it no more perhaps for ever." And, like an echo to this thought, the next morning brought her a telegram from Max, containing only these words—

"We must, we shall be married before I join the army! You will speedily hear more."

Mrs. Acton and Mrs. Tremeneere exhausted themselves in conjectures as to what Max could possibly mean to do. It was clear from the papers that every Prussian officer must join his regiment within a very few days, and that there could never be time for him to come to England, even if he were allowed to do so, which was very unlikely. At last Mrs. Acton arrived at the doleful conclusion that the shock of the war news had affected his mind, and that he had not known what he was doing when he sent the message.

Clare said nothing, but the eyes that had been so dim during the first hours of wearying suspense now brightened with a quiet hope, and the sweet grave face lost the look of indescribable pain and terror which had been fixed on it before. She knew she could trust her Max—what he promised he would accomplish; at least they would meet, even if their marriage proved impossible;

and on that meeting her whole heart fastened, refusing to glance even into the gulf of unknown miseries which might lie beyond it.

Max's telegram came on Saturday, the 16th of July. Sunday and Monday passed, leaving Clare still calm and patient; but when the post of Tuesday morning brought no letter, her face grew white under the sickening disappointment, and she went to hide herself in her own room, that she might not distress her mother and sister by the sight of the gnawing anxiety she was unable to conquer.

About noon on that day, however, she suddenly heard Mrs. Tremenhoe's voice calling to her with eager haste—

"Clare, Clare, come down—Anton is here!"

Anton! The flood of joy that rushed to her heart sent a glow of colour over her face as if sudden sunshine had fallen upon it, for to see Anton was next best to seeing Max himself. He was the old Graf's foster-brother; the Schloss had always been his home, and Max had been the idol and joy of his honest faithful heart, from the day when he took this only son of the house in his arms, and showed him proudly to the people at the village fête. Like the Graf and his son, Anton had been a soldier in his youth, and he had taken the field again in 1866 with Max, whom he never quitted for a single day. Then an unlucky shot carried off his right arm, and "soldiering" was at end for him; so he became the Graf's chasseur, and supported the dignity of the family on all occasions in a resplendent green coat laced with gold, and with his enormous white moustache trained to stand out in stiffest military fashion. He never married, for he could spare no love to wife or children from the young master who was all the world to him. He had graciously approved of Clare on her first engagement, and she became a great favourite with him when she was staying at the Schloss; so now it was with a look of great pleasure that he made her his most elaborate bow as she came bounding into the room, where her

mother and Isabel were eagerly questioning him.

"I have brought this letter from the Herr Graf Max," he said, giving it to Clare; "and I hope the gnädige Fraulein will be able to go with me to-morrow."

Clare hardly heard him as she tore open the envelope, which contained two letters, one for herself from Max, and one to her mother in the old Graf's handwriting. She gave this last to Mrs. Acton, and then sunk down on a seat in the window recess, to read the words which grew indistinct before her eyes in her trembling eagerness. Poor, brave Max! he said he could not and would not dwell on what this sudden summons to battle, and perhaps to death, had been to him at such a juncture, but he was absolutely resolved that Clare should be his wife before he joined the army, if only she would agree to the arrangements he had made to gain this end. "And you will consent, my Clärchen, will you not? for we are one in heart and soul, and what I wish you surely will desire too: let me go to my fate, whatever it may be, knowing that Clärchen is my own for ever; that I shall come back to her arms if I come at all, and that if not, I shall leave to my so well-beloved parents a child who will be one with them in their regret for me, and who will take my place in giving them all loving care, and saving them from utter loneliness in their bereaved old age. My Clärchen, I cannot, without dishonour, leave the Fatherland now for so much as an hour, or I would come for you, as you well know; but since that may not be, you will come to me, my brave true love. I cannot doubt you will let no maiden shyness or timidity affect you in this solemn hour, but you will come, my promised wife, to our mutual home, where all is arranged to make you mine indeed for ever."

Max then went on to tell her of the plans he had made, relying on her consent. He was to march with his regiment towards the frontier in the following week, and had already reported himself at head-quarters. He had however, not without great difficulty, obtained leave to spend Saturday and Sunday at

the Schloss with his parents, provided he returned to his post early on Monday morning. He proposed, therefore, that their marriage should take place on Sunday, in the presence of his father and mother, who were as earnestly desirous as he was that it should be accomplished. He sent Anton to be Clare's escort, along with her own maid, and he had calculated that, if she left home on Wednesday morning, she could reach the Schloss on Saturday, in good time for the celebration of the wedding next day. Much more of fond persuasion and entreaty was in Max's letter, for which we have not space; but the resolution of the brave, true-hearted English girl was taken at once, and never wavered for a moment. She turned to her mother, who put into her hand the letter from the old Graf, earnestly imploring Mrs. Acton not to refuse her consent to this strange and hurried marriage for her daughter.

When Clare had read it, she went and knelt down quietly by her mother's sofa, and, kissing her hands, said, softly, "You will let me go, dearest mother, will you not? You will give me your blessing and let me go!"

Mrs. Acton, as was her wont on all occasions when something more was demanded of her than an undivided attention to her own comfort, burst into tears without reply; but Mrs. Tremeneere bent forward, and, taking her sister's hands in hers, said tremulously:—

"Oh, Clare darling, could you ever bear it? It is too much to ask of you. Think what may be the end of it! to be with him one day as his wife, and then, perhaps, never again on earth. Will you not stay with us and save your young life from such an untimely blight? Stay with us, and take your chance of new and better hopes."

Clare lifted up her calm dark eyes to her sister's face—

"Isabel, have you not often said that all your love is buried in that Indian grave? Tell me, would you not rather have been his wife one day, one hour, than be now without the right to mourn him as his widow?"

"Oh yes! yes!" said Mrs. Tremeneere, covering her face with her hands.

"Then help me now to persuade our mother to let me go," said Clare, turning once more to the sobbing invalid.

"Oh, my dear child, I do not mean to refuse you," said Mrs. Acton; "do whatever you think best; it is all so strange and miserable, I can hardly understand it, and my poor head will not bear to think of it. How you are ever to be married in Germany next Sunday, when you are still here, with nothing ready, I cannot imagine; and your wedding-dress is not even to be finished till next week,—you cannot possibly have it."

"Dear mother," said Clare, as a smile passed over her face, "I do not think the wedding-dress will stand in my way, if in other respects you give your consent."

"Yes, yes, make yourself happy in your own way; though I am sure it would be no happiness to me to go flying over to Germany to be married to a man the one day, and see him go off and leave me the next—and in a morning dress too!" she added, returning to her truly feminine grievance. But Clare only kissed her, saying,—

"It will be happiest for me." And then a hasty examination of "Bradshaw" with her sister showed her that she could indeed reach the Schloss on the following Saturday if she left home very early the next morning. This decided, she went at once to make her preparations, while Anton hurried off to telegraph the good news to his young master.

In the glorious dawn of a brilliant summer day, Clare Acton left her home next morning; but instead of the crowd of friends and relations who would have been assembled to witness her departure had it taken place, as she had once anticipated, on the destined 1st of August, there was only the pale young widow to send her forth with a silent kiss, unable to speak under the influence of the strong presentiment, which made her see her sister's future fate foreshadowed in her own.

The journey was easily accomplished, for Anton surrounded Clare with as much attention and care as if she had been a princess, and she reached the Schloss on Saturday evening, one hour after Max

had himself arrived, and received such a welcome as made her almost forget that any sorrow awaited her after that wedding-day was over, of which alone Max seemed to think. The most important personage in the house that evening was the old family notary, who was entirely occupied with the legal preparations for the marriage, and would have worn out less interested persons by the enormous length of the documents he insisted on reading to them all before he would allow them to affix their signatures to the settlements.

The brief night passed sleeplessly for Clare, but she looked bright as the morning when she rose to prepare for the wedding, which was to take place at an early hour. She thought of her mother, with a smile and a sigh, as she put on the plain white muslin dress she had often worn at home, and fastened the white rose in her dark hair, which Max had sent her to do duty for the unattainable orange blossoms.

They walked—a quiet family party—to the village church, which was close to the Schloss, the old Graf giving his arm to Clare and the Gräfin leaning on Max. The notary stalked behind them, and was followed by Anton marshalling the whole household down to the *marmelon*, who surreptitiously abandoned the pots and pans, which had been confided to his care by the cook, and determined that he would see the Graf Max married as well as the rest, even if there were no luncheon for any one when they all came back. The village pasteur performed the ceremony, wearing a black gown trimmed with velvet, and a high white ruff round his neck, which made him look strangely like the portraits of Queen Elizabeth in her old age; and the church was filled with the peasants of the neighbourhood, who took the liveliest interest in all that concerned the family of the Graf. The whole scene appeared redolent of peace and tranquil happiness, and when the service was over, and the good old Graf in patriarchal fashion kissed and blessed his children, none could have imagined that already the thunders of the gathering war-storm were echoing round those two young heads,

and all the horrors of the deadly conflict preparing to envelope them in anguish undreamt of till that hour.

What a day it was which followed! for Max and Clare determined that during these few blissful hours they would forget all the dark prospect before them—the speedy parting, the terrible war, the possible blow which might lay that noble head low in the dust, and consign the young bride to long years of widowhood, following swift on the union of that one day. Yes! they would forget all but that they were given to each other; and when the kind old Graf and Gräfin told them with a smile that they could manage very well without them for the rest of the day, they went out into the wood which surrounded the Schloss, and buried themselves in its deepest recesses.

And there through the long summer day they wandered about or sat beneath the old oak-trees, with the blue sky cloudless over their heads and the flowers blooming at their feet, and hope, clothing herself in the sunshine that lay golden around them, seeming to smile on them with a brightness which could not deceive. Max was to start very early next morning, and the whole household was astir with the dawn. He had gone, by Clare's own thoughtful advice, to pass half an hour alone with his father and mother before leaving them, to return, perhaps, no more; and Anton, who was, of course, to accompany his young master as servant, since he could no longer go with him as a soldier, was in the stable examining with the utmost care the trappings of the horses, and seeing that all had been done as he desired by the groom, who had disappeared in some alarm at his approach, knowing well the severity of his scrutiny in all that concerned the young Graf's charger and accoutrements.

Suddenly, as the old man stood there intent on the stirrup-leather he was examining, he heard the rush of light feet coming rapidly across the courtyard outside, and saw a gleam of something white pass through the dazzling sunshine that filled the doorway into the gloom of the stable where he was standing. He looked up in astonishment, and per-

ceived that it was the young bride herself who stood before him, with her sweet face very pale, and her dark eyes looking out softly on him through a mist of unshed tears.

Anton bowed profoundly as he recovered from his first surprise, and then stood up stiff and erect to receive her orders, for she was the young Gräfin now, and he was prepared to show her all the respect and deference he would have bestowed on Max's mother; but Clare suddenly took his hand in both of hers, and said to him, hastily, for the moments were precious—

"Anton, you love Max well, I know?"

"Ach! Himmel! how much!" was all the old man could answer, quite unable to express in words the extent of the one strong affection of his life.

"And for his sake you love me too?"

"My beautiful lady! and for your own," he answered with honest gallantry, though looking greatly surprised.

"Then promise me you will grant me the favour I am going to ask of you now, without demur, without reserve."

"If the highly-to-be-honoured Gräfin would tell me first——"

"No, no; you must promise at once. Say you will do what I ask, Anton, I beseech you!"

"I am sure I shall," said the old man, overcome by the pleading of the beautiful sad eyes, and the trembling of the little hands that still held his own.

"Then this is what I ask of you," said Clare. "If Max is wounded, whether slightly, or severely, or fatally,"—she said the last word with a sudden catching of her breath—"promise me that you will send that instant to let me know—you must send to me, not to the Graf and Gräfin, for it might be better that they should not have to bear suspense before they hear the final result; but to me you must send, and without the delay of a single instant from the moment that he falls. You will not choose to leave him yourself, I know; nor should I wish it; but you can send me that servant boy Franz whom you are taking with you. He is young, but he has sense enough to find his way here and back again. Now,

remember you have promised, Anton, and your word, I know, will be sacred."

"But, my much-respected lady, I did not know what I was promising," said Anton, pulling his long moustache in much perplexity; "is it then that you purpose coming to the Herr Graf Max, if he should be wounded!—which heaven forbid!"

"I do," said Clare, looking up at him with the full clear gaze of her expressive eyes; "I do most resolutely purpose to come to my husband if evil befalls him, wherever he may be. Who but his wife should be with him to tend him, if there is hope of recovery, or to soothe his last hours if——" She could not go on, and Anton's own voice trembled as he answered—

"But, my honoured lady,—you, so young, so delicate; you do not know what sights you would have to see—what fatigues, what hardships to bear; yes, even what rough treatment you might receive."

"Oh, Anton, Anton, what would all that be to me, if only I were with my Max in his sufferings? Would I not rather know that I never should lay down my head to rest again, than be absent from him in his trial hours! Do not let us waste these precious moments in useless argument; if you would ever have me know one instant's peace till all this dreadful war is over, you will grant me my request; Anton, if you would save me from an agony of suspense, through which I scarce think I could live, you will not refuse me now!"

And he could not refuse her: with something very like tears shining under his bushy eyebrows he told her it should be as she desired.

"And the instant, the very instant you know that he has fallen, you promise to send Franz to me without delay?"

"I do promise," he answered gravely.

Clare gave his rough hand one silent pressure, and in a moment he saw the white graceful figure dart back through the sunny courtyard, and disappear under the dark archway that led into the Schloss.

The bitter parting was over; Max was gone, finally gone, from the sight of

those to whom he was the very sun of life, and the long trying suspense began which was but seldom broken by any direct news from the army.

Great restrictions were laid upon the private correspondence of the Prussian officers, especially at first; and it was almost entirely from the newspapers or general rumours that the family at the Schloss knew anything of the progress of the war. The old Graf and Gräfin had reached an age when strong emotions are never of long duration, and they soon subsided into a tranquil hopefulness which was far from being shared by Clare, with her young quick-beating heart and vivid imagination. She tended Max's father and mother most devotedly; but often it was almost more than she could bear, to sit so calmly at their side, and hear them talk of the prospects of the vintage, or the details of the village politics, while her pulses were throbbing with intense nervous excitement, and her very soul was quailing within her, at the thought of the scenes that might be taking place at that very moment on the battle-field.

Her chief hope and stay was the promise she had wrung from Anton: so long as she did not hear from him, she could be certain that Max had been safe at least two or three days before; but the ever-recurring thought that at that very moment his death-blow might be falling, kept up her feverish torture of suspense to a pitch which all the calm strength of her natural character could scarce enable her to bear.

Slowly but surely the items of war news reached them at last. The old Graf seemed to renew the spirit of his youth, when he heard of the Prussian victories at Weissenburg and Woerth; his eye kindled and his cheek flushed as he announced the great tidings to his assembled household, and then added proudly—

"When my son comes home we will illuminate the Schloss."

Clare shivered involuntarily as she heard the confident words. Calm and brave as she was outwardly, there had from the first been a deep settled conviction that Max would fall, underlying

all the hopes with which she tried to cheat herself. She could not have accounted for the existence of the feeling, nor did she in fact ever admit it to herself, but persisted even in her own thoughts in dwelling on the bright prospect of her husband's return in safety, when all the terrible conflict should be at an end; but still it was there—a dark consciousness that took the light out of the sunshine, and the warmth from the air, and chilled her with its indefinable horror day and night. There have been many similar instances, which would seem to indicate that there is something of prophetic power in an intense human affection, which enables those who are under its influence to feel the chill and gloom of a coming evil, when no other can so much as guess at its approach.

But Clare gave no hint of this to the Graf and Gräfin, with whom she was always bright and cheerful, making herself so dear a comfort to them in every way, that they congratulated themselves again and again on the hurried wedding which had given them the blessing of such a daughter.

Slowly the weeks crept on, and at length the 16th of August arrived. On that day Clare was strangely restless and disturbed. She seemed unable to fix her mind on any of her ordinary occupations, and was continually starting and trembling for no apparent reason; and she woke many times in the night to find herself bathed in tears. Next day she felt better, and the hours passed away quietly, without bringing tidings of any kind to the Schloss. Then came the 18th, and the long summer day wore on and faded into a lovely evening in perfect calm. The household was in the habit of going early to rest, and Clare had bidden her parents good night, intending to follow them at once, but an irresistible impulse drew her out through the still open window of the *salon* to the terrace, which stretched along the front of the house and looked over the grounds.

She went forward and leant on the stone balustrade, looking down on the dim woods, where not a leaf was stirring

in the still soft air. The perfect peacefulness of the scene was very striking; the heavens, throbbing with starlight, seemed to arch over a sleeping world, for there was not a sound to break the dreamy stillness, except the faint twittering of little sleepy birds as they nestled down to their repose. Were there such things on earth as thundering cannon, and ghastly battle-fields, and groans of dying men? Truly it was hard to believe it in the Paradisal calm of that soft silvery night.

Suddenly Clare grasped the balustrade with both her hands, while her heart beat so rapidly that she could scarcely breathe. She had seen a figure approaching on a path which led from the high road to the house. Long before she could really distinguish who it was, she knew that it was Franz. She was strongly agitated, but not surprised. She had known he would come—known it from the first; but she could not stand there to wait his approach, swiftly as he was walking; she ran down the steps of the terrace, and flew along the path to meet Anton's messenger. In a moment she was standing with outstretched hands before the boy, who doffed his cap with a sorrowful face.

"Have you a letter for me?—give it me—give it me at once!"

"No letter, gracious lady; there was not time."

"Tell me all then: speak—speak quickly!"

"On Tuesday there was a battle near Vionville; we were victorious, but, the Herr Graf Max——" he stopped. Franz was a stolid, good boy, whose mental faculties were rather below the usual average, even for an uneducated German peasant, but some dim comprehension he had, of what was written in the dark eyes that were fixed with such devouring anxiety upon him, while the sweet face blanched beneath his words till it was white as snow.

"Go on," she said, gasping for breath.

"The Herr Graf is sorely wounded."

"Is he alive?"

"He was when Anton came and sent me to you; but he said, tell the young Gräfin to lose no time."

It was enough—the blow had fallen that was for evermore to darken that young life, still in its brightest spring-time; but the brave English girl wasted not a moment in tears or lamentations; her whole being seemed to gather itself up into the one desire and effort to be with Max as speedily as was possible by any means. Her preparation for such a moment as this had long been made, and but little more remained to be done. She saw that Franz had food and rest during the brief hour she could allow him before starting, and she spent it herself in writing a tender, thoughtful letter to the Graf and Gräfin, telling them that Max was wounded, without a word as to her reasons for believing he was mortally injured. She only told them she was going to him, as she was sure they would wish her to do, and succeeded in putting far more of hopefulness into the tone of her letter than the poor child felt in her own sad heart.

Then, as she was very anxious not to disturb the household, she helped Franz with her own hands to harness the ponies to the pretty little carriage Max had given to her for her special use, and in a few minutes more she was driving to the station, some miles distant, where she had rightly calculated she would be able to catch the night train to the frontier.

Franz had made good speed in bringing Anton's message; but he had neither the resources nor the dauntless energy of his young mistress, and he found, to his surprise, that, in spite of the difficulties of travelling in time of war, they were very near their destination before the close of the second day after their departure from the Schloss. The railroad had taken them a considerable distance, but for the latter part of their journey they had to trust to any vehicle they could get.

At Pont-à-Mousson, which they reached late at night, it was only by a very heavy bribe that Clare could induce the keeper of a cabaret to convey them in his charette as far as the village of Gorze, which was but a very little distance from the scene of the battle of

Vionville. The driver took them through the village, and left them just beyond it, at the foot of an ascent which, according to Franz's account, led straight to the ground where the conflict of the 16th of August had taken place.

Throughout her whole journey Clare had been much tormented by the fear that she would have great difficulty in finding Max when she did arrive at her destination. Franz, of course, had no idea where he might be now, and Anton, in the hurried moment when he had sent him with his message, had been quite unable to say where he might find a shelter for his wounded master. He could only tell Franz to bring the young Gräfin to the spot where they then stood, and he would keep watch for her about the time when she would be likely to arrive. Franz explained to her that the spot indicated was on the edge of the very battle-field itself, for he had been so fascinated by the terrible interest of the great combat, that he had remained watching it all day on a spot where he was very imperfectly sheltered by a tree from the shot and shell that were falling round him. Anton had crept yet nearer, in his anxiety for his master, and had come running back through the smoke of the cannon to give his message for Clare, and had then disappeared again almost immediately.

Franz, therefore, now led the Gräfin up a steep ascent some little way beyond the village of Gorze, which terminated in a high plain, and there, on the outskirts of it, was the stump of a charred and blackened tree, which he told her marked the spot of the rendezvous. He looked at it with some dismay as he saw by the damage it had since sustained in the fire, how unsafe a shelter it had been for himself.

"If the gracious lady will remain at this spot," he said, "I will go and try to find Anton, or hear some tidings of the Herr Graf Max."

Clare could only make a sign of assent, for she was utterly unable to speak, so completely appalled was she by the sight which presented itself before her eyes, and which she will never forget to the last day of her life. Franz

hastened away, and for a moment Clare was obliged to cling trembling to the charred trunk of the tree, while she struggled with the sick horror which almost overcame her; but she felt it was no time to give way to a woman's weakness, and with a violent effort she subdued the momentary faintness, and forced herself to stand erect and look out over the plain before her.

She was standing, in fact, right on the battle-field of the 16th, and far as her eye could reach the ground was literally strewn with the corpses of those who had fallen on that dreadful day. We have heard so much more in England of the yet greater battle which took place on the 18th near Rezonville, that we are hardly aware of the real nature or importance of the conflict which has been called the battle of Vionville, or of the magnitude of the losses then sustained, both by the French and by the Prussians in spite of their victory.

To Clare, however, it seemed as if the world could never have known a more dreadful carnage, than that which was now displayed in all its hideousness before her eyes.

It was the hour of dawn—the dawn of a most lovely summer morning; and no imagination could have pictured a greater contrast than that presented by the aspect of the heavens and of the earth. Overhead the lucid sky was intensely serene and pure, without a cloud to fleck its glorious expanse, where a few pale stars were shining still with tremulous silvery light; and in the east the sun, already risen behind the hills, was tinting the pearly white of the horizon with the most exquisite hues of opal and rose colour, changing and mingling with that silent harmony of beauty, which seems ever expressive of some far-off infinite perfection of loveliness as yet unseen and unknown to man; and beneath that calm, fair heaven breathing peace and purity, there stretched out, dark and bloodstained, the dreadful battle-field, encumbered far and near with the ghastly remains of all that a few days before had been so full of life and youth and noble courage and devotion. Thousands upon thousands of slaughtered men lay there,

in every attitude of pain, in every form of mutilation, by which the human frame can be destroyed; and mingled with them were the dead horses and the countless accessories of the battle-field, heaped all together in one inextricable ruin and havoc. No words can describe the scene; nor were it well to do so, for it could answer no good purpose to bring before the imagination of others the vision of horror which smote Clare's eyes as she stood there in her rigid self-control and gazed upon it.

The effect produced upon the mind of this unwilling witness by the aspect of the field of battle is, however, we think worthy of record, for it sprang no doubt from one of those intuitive truths which flash upon us in great crises of our lives.

With that dreadful spectacle before her, there came upon Clare, clear and distinct as a tangible reality, the conviction that all this tremendous waste of life could not be for ever: it could not be that all those countless lives had sprung into being, only to be destroyed by the senseless fire that swept them down like the dead leaves of autumn before the wintry blast—in their very prime and springtide. Scarce one of those who lay there, no longer distinguishable but as part of an indescribable mass of ruin, had lived out even half the brief allotted span of man on earth, and it could not be that this incomplete fragment of existence was all they were ever to know of consciousness; that for this sudden quenching alone the infinite mystery of life had been awakened in them, with all its high aspirations and longings for some unfound and unknown good.

As the day broke fully in its glorious radiance over the scene of destruction, she felt, she knew, that there must yet be another dawn for all this flower of manhood, so lately filled with intelligence and mental power, whose mangled remains the burying parties were already shovelling beneath the earth.

And yet another truth came to Clare in that solemn hour. While looking out on that wide area of pain just quenched in death, she had, in a sense, for the time, forgotten Max, and the desolation to her individual life which had come with

all the other unnumbered pangs from that one battle-field; and this seemed to show her that the true purpose and end of life for each one of us can never be held within the narrow limit of personal interests and cares, but that, forming part of the great human family, burdened with such deep craving for happiness, and deeper capacity for suffering, we have each one so to live, that we may take our share in the progress of all, to some higher, purer condition of being than can ever be known to us in our present state.

Clare still stood absorbed in these thoughts, when suddenly the voice of Anton, close beside her, brought all her own anxieties and terrors rushing back upon her heart, and she turned round to meet him, white and breathless, and quite unable to ask the question on which her whole future was hanging.

"Thank heaven the gracious lady is here!" he exclaimed. "Oh, madame, you did well to bid me send for you; the beloved Herr Max has been almost kept alive by the hope of seeing you."

She looked piteously at him, with her lips quivering, and he understood the words she could not say.

"He is alive, gracious lady, but the dear God alone knows how long—" he could not finish his sentence.

Then Clare managed to whisper, "Take me to him."

Anton turned at once and led the way down the hill. As they went along he told her, in a broken voice, all that had happened. He said, that on the fatal Tuesday, his master had first been wounded in the shoulder, but had continued at his post, leading and encouraging his men with the greatest bravery; till at last he was hit by a portion of a shell which exploded near him, and then he fell from his horse, mortally injured. Some of his men succeeded with difficulty in carrying him to the rear, where Anton was speedily at his side; for he had managed, not without great risk to himself, to keep Max's regiment in sight throughout nearly the whole of the engagement. The soldiers could not, of course, remain with their Captain; and as Anton was obliged to

hurry off in search of some peasants to help him in conveying his wounded master to a place of shelter, he snatched a moment on his way to find Franz, whom he knew to be close at hand, and fulfil his promise to Clare by sending him off without an instant's delay to deliver his sad message to her. Then he had come back with half a dozen men to the spot where Max lay writhing in his agony, for his wounds were of such a nature as to cause him intolerable pain. They made a litter of branches, and carried him at once from the field. Anton's purpose had been to convey him to Gorze, but Max suffered so frightfully from the movement, that he implored of them to lay him down anywhere by the roadside, and the peasants told Anton besides, that the wounded had been pouring in such large numbers into the village, that it was more than doubtful whether any shelter could be found for him there. Under these circumstances Anton was fain to be satisfied with placing his master in a humble shed, about halfway to the village, which in happier times had been used by a man employed to tend cattle, on the field that had now become such a terrible scene of carnage and destruction. There Anton had done what he could to make him comfortable, and had tended him unremittingly night and day. He had as soon as possible procured the help of one of the surgeons, who had at once said that the Graf's injuries were wholly incurable, and that nothing whatever could be done for him; he was only surprised he had not succumbed at once to the fatal blow he had received.

"But indeed, gracious lady," continued Anton, in a voice hoarse with agitation, "I think it is only the hope of seeing you that has kept him alive, for every time he has seemed to faint and almost die under the torture of his wounds he has always struggled back to life again, saying your name; it is becoming too dreadful to see his sufferings, however, and I feel that now for his own sake I shall be even glad——"

Anton gave way completely, and deep sobs broke from him.

Clare shivered from head to foot, but only pressing her hands tightly together, said faintly, "Let us go faster."

"We are at the place, dear lady," said Anton, as he stopped suddenly at the open door of a shed. He stood aside to let her pass in, and in another moment Clare had fallen on her knees beside her husband, and was kissing almost frantically the one listless hand that remained uninjured amidst the terrible mutilation he had sustained. He was lying on a heap of straw, covered with his regimental cloak, the only bed Anton had been able to procure for him. His fine face, though not disfigured, was greatly changed by the sufferings he had endured; he was ghastly pale, and his hollow eyes were dim already with the shades of death. At sight of his wife, however, a gleam of life lit them up once more.

"Clärchen, my Clärchen," he murmured, and could say no more, and she, all her resolute calm broken down, could only bathe his hand in tears and let her bursting heart relieve itself by lavishing on him a thousand terms of passionate endearment. A little time they remained thus; then Max made a great effort to speak.

"Clärchen"—she looked up eagerly to catch each word—"it is sad for you that you ever saw me one day only a wife, and then—— But you have all life before you—you may still be happy in some other home."

It was evident that it cost him a mental as well as a physical effort to say these words, and his voice was inexpressibly sad.

"My Max," said Clare, so softly and calmly that her words seemed to fall on his dying heart like dew, "I would rather have had that one day's happiness with you, than have lived all my life in joy with any other."

"My own true love," he murmured. Then, as his great shadowy eyes scanned her face wistfully, he said, with much difficulty, "But for all the future, sweetest, who could ever ask you to be faithful to the husband of a day? It would be but natural that you should still seek happiness for the years to come."

"My darling," she said, laying down her head close to his, "there can be no happiness for me on earth but to be your true love changelessly, entirely, as I have been from the first, and am and ever shall be to the end; I will make that one day's joy to last me all my life, dear Max, for I will never know another. Death itself has not the power to make me less your own than I have ever been since first I gave you all my love."

"O Clärchen, dearest, it would be but too sweet to me to know that you would never more forget or change; but how are you to live—so young—alone? A little while my father and mother will be your care—but then——" He could only speak now in broken words, and with such excessive pain that Clare could not bear to see it.

"My dear, dear love," she said, "if I should lose those, to whom I will be a daughter for your sake, there will still be sufferers in the world whom I will try to comfort, in gratitude for my one bright day of joy with you. But be very certain that it is as your true widow only I will live, till the good God lets me lie down by your side once more."

She had satisfied him now; he let his head fall back, and strove no more to speak, but only kept his eyes fixed on Clare while life remained in them.

It was not long. The excitement which till her arrival had fanned the failing flame of life had quite subsided, and with the calm that fell upon his heart death too stole in and hushed its beating finally;—cold, dark, and still, he lay, and already they believed him gone, when suddenly a light broke over his face like morning on the hills,—the closed eyes opened wide and flashed one glance, full-orbed and radiant, upward

to the sky, seen through the open door; then softly fell the lids again, and the last sigh passed from the brave true heart and floated away into the summer air.

Scant ceremonies of burial are all that can be given to the fallen in this stupendous war. That same evening the dead officer—wrapt in his military cloak—was carried by Anton and a few of the surviving men of his company to a grave, dug by Clare's wish, under the tree where she had stood that morning; no clergyman could be found to say words of blessing over his resting-place, for the dead lay around by thousands, and all were engaged elsewhere. Alone the young widow followed when they bore him out, and stood at the head of the grave; while Anton, with reluctant hands, laid the earth over the noble form and hid it from her sight for ever. And as it disappeared, and she looked up in piteous appeal to Heaven with the sense of unbearable desolation strong upon her, she saw that the sun—just setting—was casting its lingering rays like a glory round the grave; and she remembered how in the morning when she had seen it rise over the countless slain, she had learned from its reviving radiance that this field of death had but been sown with seed, for the harvest of eternity.

So Clare took heart again beside the grave of her life's hopes, and turned back into the great suffering world, not to waste her days in fruitless mourning, but to do her part in lifting the load from other hearts, and shedding on them the light she gathered out of the very shadow of death, as it closed around her brief term of wedded life.

THE IMPLICIT PROMISE OF IMMORTALITY.

A POEM.

"Or questi che dall' infima lacuna
 Dell' universo insin qui ha vedute
 Le vite spiritali ad una ad una,
 Supplica a te per grazia di virtute
 Tanto che possa con gli occhi levarsi
 Più alto verso l' ultima salute."

DANTE, *Par.* xxxiii. 22—23.

FRIEND, and it little matters if with thee
 In shadowed vales and night's solemnity
 Heart has met heart, and soul with soul has known
 A deathless kinship and one hope alone;—
 Or if thy dear voice by mine ears unheard
 Has never spoken me one winged word,
 Nor mine eyes seen thee, nor my spirit guessed
 The answering spirit hidden in thy breast;—
 Known or unknown, seen once and loved for long,
 Or only reached by this faint breath of song,
 In thine imagined ears I pour again
 A faltering message from the man in men,—
 Thoughts that are born with summer, but abide
 Past summer into sad Allhallowtide.

The world without, men say, the needs within,
 Which clash and make what we call sorrow and sin,
 Tend to adjustment evermore, until
 The individual and the cosmic will
 Shall coincide, and man content and free
 Assume at last his endless empery,
 Seeking his Eden and his Heaven no more
 By fabled streams behind him or before,
 But feeling Pison with Euphrates roll
 Round the great garden of his kingly soul.

I answer that, so far, the type that springs
 Seems like a race of strangers, not of kings,
 Less fit for earth, not more so; rather say
 Grown like the dog who when musicians play
 Feels each false note and howls, while yet the true
 With doubtful pleasure tremulous thrill him through,
 Since man's strange thoughts confuse him, and destroy
 With half-guessed raptures his ancestral joy.

So in the race of man a change as great
As from the fourfoot to the man's estate
Begins unmarked, nor can our wisest say
To what new type slow Nature leads the way,
Since in their nascent stage such changes seem
Like a disease sometimes, sometimes a dream;
Who feel them hide; so hard it is to see
That the real marvel, real disease, would be,
If while all forms of matter upward strive
Man were the one unchanging type alive.

Meantime dim wonder on the untravelled way
Holds our best hearts, and palsies all our day;
One looks on God, and then with eyes struck blind
Brings a confusing rumour to mankind;
And others listen, and no work can do
Till they have got that God defined anew;
And in the darkness some have fallen, as fell
To baser gods the folk of Israel,
When with Jehovah's thunders heard too nigh
They wantoned in the shade of Sinai.

Take any of the sons our Age has nursed,
Fed with her food and taught her best and worst;
Suppose no great disaster; look not nigh
On hidden times of his extremity;
But watch him like the flickering magnet stirred
By each imponderable look and word,
And think how firm a courage every day
He needs to bear him on life's common way,
Since even at the best his spirit moves
Thro' such a tourney of conflicting loves,—
Unwisely sought, untruly called untrue,
Beloved, and hated, and beloved anew;
Till in the changing whirl of praise and blame
He feels himself the same and not the same,
And often, overworn and overwon,
Knows all a dream and wishes all were done.

I know it, such an one these eyes have seen
About the world with his unworldly mien,
And often idly hopeless, often bent
On some tumultuous deed and vehement,
Because his spirit he can nowise fit
To the world's ways and settled rule of it,
But thro' contented thousands travels on
Like a sad heir in disinherison,
And rarely by great thought or brave emprise
Comes out above his life's perplexities,
Looks thro' the rifted cloudland, and sees clear
Fate at his feet and the high God anear.

Ah let him tarry on those heights, nor dream
Of other founts than that Aonian stream!
Since short and fierce, then hated, drowned, and dim
Shall most men's chosen pleasures come to him,—
Not made for such things, nor for long content
With the poor toys of this imprisonment.

Ay, should he sit one afternoon beguiled
 By some such joy as makes the wise man wild,
 Yet if at twilight to his ears shall come
 A distant music thro' the city's hum,
 So slight a thing as this will wake again
 The incommunicable homeless pain,
 Until his soul so yearns to reunite
 With her Prime Source, her Master and Delight,
 As if some loadstone drew her, and brain and limb
 Ached with her struggle to get through to Him.

And is this then delusion? can it be
 That like the rest high heaven is phantasy?
 Can God's implicit promise be but one
 Among so many visions all undone?

Nay, if on earth two souls thro' sundering fate
 Can save their sisterhood inviolate,
 If diunness and deferment, time and pain,
 Have no more lasting power upon those twain
 Than stormy thunderclouds which, spent and done,
 Leave grateful earth still gazing on the sun,—
 If their divine hope gladly can forgo
 Such nearness as this wretched flesh can know,
 While, spite of all that even themselves may do,
 Each by her own truth feels the other true:—
 Faithful no less is God, who having won
 Our spirits to His endless unison
 Betrays not our dependence, nor can break
 The oath unuttered which His silence spake.

Therefore I will not think, as some men say,
 That all these multitudes who love and pray
 Perish no less, unanswered, each alone,
 Joyless, created for a cornerstone,
 That our sons' sons may lead a life more fair,
 Taught and refined by our foregone despair.

Oh dreadful thought, that all our sires and we
 Are but foundations of a race to be,—
 Stones which one thrusts in earth, and builds thereon
 A white delight, a Parian Parthenon,
 And thither, long thereafter, youth and maid
 Seek with glad brows the alabaster shade,
 And in processions' pomp together bent
 Still interchange their sweet words innocent,—
 Not caring that those mighty columns rest
 Each on the ruin of a human breast,—
 That to the shrine the victor's chariot rolls
 Across the anguish of ten thousand souls.

"Well was it that our fathers suffered thus,"
 I hear them say, "that all might end in us;
 Well was it here and there a bard should feel
 Pains premature and hurt that none could heal;
 These were their preludes, thus the race began;
 So hard a matter was the birth of Man."

And yet these too shall pass and fade and flee,
 And in their death shall be as vile as we,

Nor much shall profit with their perfect powers
To have lived a so much sweeter life than ours,
When at the last, with all their bliss gone by,
Like us those glorious creatures come to die,
With far worse woe, far more rebellious strife
Those mighty spirits drink the dregs of life.

Nay, by no cumulative changeful years,
For all our bitter harvesting of tears,
Shalt thou tame man, nor in his breast destroy
The longing for his home which deadens joy;
He cannot mate here, and his cage controls
Safe bodies, separate and sterile souls;
And wouldst thou bless the captives, thou must show
The wild green woods which they again shall know.

Therefore have we, while night serenely fell,
Imparadised in twilight's ænomet,
Beheld the empyrean, star on star
Perfecting solemn change and secular,
Each with slow roll and pauseless period
Writing the solitary thoughts of God.
Not blindly in such moments, not in vain,
The open secret flashes on the brain,
As if one almost guessed it, almost knew
Whence we have sailed and voyage whereunto;
Not vainly, for albeit that hour goes by,
And the strange letters perish from the sky,
Yet learn we that a life to us is given
One with the cosmic spectacles of heaven,—
Feel the still soul, for all her questionings,
Parcel and part of sempiternal things;
For us, for all, one overarching dome,
One law the order, and one God the home.

Ah, but who knows in what thin form and strange,
Through what appalled perplexities of change,
Wakes the sad soul, which having once forgone
This earth familiar and her friends thereon
In interstellar void becomes a chill
Outlying fragment of the Master Will;
So severed, so forgetting, shall not she
Lament, immortal, immortality?

If thou wouldst have high God thy soul assure
That she herself shall as herself endure,
Shall in no alien semblance, thine and wise,
Fulfil her and be young in Paradise,
One way I know; forget, forswear, disdain
Thine own best hopes, thine utmost loss and gain,
Till when at last thou scarce rememberest now
If on the earth be such a man as thou,
Nor hast one thought of self-surrender,—no,
For self is none remaining to forgo,
If ever, then shall strong persuasion fall
That in thy giving thou hast gained thine all,
Given the poor present, gained the boundless scope,
And kept thee virgin for the further hope.

This is the hero's temper, and to some
With battle-trumpetings that hour has come,
With guns that thunder and with winds that fall,
With closing fleets and voices augural ;—
For some, methinks, in no less noble wise
Divine prevision kindles in the eyes,
When all base thoughts like frightened harpies flown,
In her own beauty leave the soul alone ;
When Love,—not rosy-flushed as he began,
But Love, still Love, the prisoned God in man,—
Shows his face glorious, shakes his banner free,
Cries like a captain for Eternity :—
O halcyon air across the storms of youth,
O trust him, he is true, he is one with Truth !
Nay, is he Christ ? I know not ; no man knows
The right name of the heavenly Anterôs,—
But here is God, whatever God may be,
And whomso'er we worship, this is He.

Ah, friend, I have not said it : who shall tell
In wavering words the hope unspeakable ?
Which he who once has known will labour long
To set forth sweetly in persuasive song,
Yea, many hours with hopeless art will try
To save the fair thing that it shall not die,
Then after all despairs, and leaves to-day
A hidden meaning in a nameless lay.

LETTER FROM CANON KINGSLEY.

EVERSLEY RECTORY, WINCHFIELD,
October 14th, 1870.

SIR,—I see in an able article on our Army, in your magazine for this month, p. 407 (col. 2), these words: "The annual assembling of large bodies for manœuvres forms an important feature of the scheme." Nothing can be more true. By moving *corps d'armée* over the country, as in actual war, for the last twenty years and more, the Prussian army has acquired its present ability in overrunning and then defending any sheet of land which it approaches.

The author continues, and still with truth: "We believe (contrary to the general opinion), that there is ample space in this country for this purpose." Without a doubt there is, and more than he seems to think; for there is all of England which is still undestroyed by mines and manufactures. He continues: "From Windsor to the New Forest there is an almost uninterrupted series of open spaces, either commons, Crown lands, or uncultivated heaths." In this statement he is not quite correct. Between Windsor Forest and the Greensand heaths which skirt the heath, and also between Windsor Forest and the New Forest, lie chalk ranges, generally of open arable fields, but often sheeted with vast woods. However, these chalk-lands would not interfere with the movement of large bodies of troops. He continues: "Little trouble would be necessary to obtain the requisite powers to pass over the small intervening spaces of private property." I can assure him that no trouble at all would be required. I am accustomed to see flying columns from Aldershot pass over any and every sort of land, and I can say, boldly and with pleasure, that neither from farmer nor squire do they receive the least check; that landowners will gladly see a flying column encamp in their private parks, tight through their

pheasant covers, and grind their private roads into powder and mud with artillery and baggage waggons; and that the former, if a column will move (as bound to do) after the crops are off, will gladly let them march over their fields, and will feel (I speak simply of what I have seen again and again) a pride and pleasure in finding their land of use to the soldiers, in whom the country people, rich and poor, delight. This is no new story. I think I dare say, from what I have seen for some years past, that a *corps d'armée* which should march and manœuvre (of course after wheat and other grain is reaped), not only over the moors in which I live, but over the chalk arable downs from—say Odiham, westward to Highclere and Inkpen, would be received with only too much kindness and strong ale.

Your able contributor goes on to say: "Why this has not been already done it is difficult to say, unless indeed it be the question of loss of profits derived from the game on the Crown lands."

There is no game on the Crown lands. A few outlying pheasants and partridges, and a blackcock to every four square miles, is all; and I think I dare say, the question of game never entered the mind of the Crown, any more than the mind of the squires. It certainly did not enter the mind of "the Crown," properly so called, when, while the Chobham camp existed, the really valuable game preserves of Virginia Water were fought through, day after day. It certainly does not enter the mind of the squires round me, who let, year after year, valuable game preserves be fought through between Bramshill, Elvetham, and Aldershot. The flying game can only be frightened for an hour or two; as for the ground game, I have known a squire give a flying column leave to pick up every rabbit or hare they came across, and many a "chevy" have I seen in consequence.

The really serious question just now—dismissing all questions of game—is this: Will those who hold with your able contributor help to preserve these open lands—not from large land-holders (who nowadays are the only men who will keep them open),—not merely from commoners, who have an interest in squatting on them, and who, as squatters, will be jealous of the passage of troops (and with reason, poor fellows, for they fear the fate of the *peasant* who called the *seigneur* and his *menée* to hunt the one hare of his garden),—but from the so-called Crown itself? Will they prevent a penny-wise and pound-foolish policy, which is now at work, from destroying these spaces by selling off all that is saleable to villa-projectors, and planting the rest with worthless fir-trees, enclosed with impassable wire and iron-bound fences,

making the country hideous and the passage of troops impossible; and all to get a few shillings per acre, twenty years hence, out of land which ought to be the national training-ground of a national army?

If so, let your correspondent throw his talents into the defence of the New Forest, which is just now threatened with this very fate (as is, I fear, every forest remaining in England), and help to keep—woods and all (for fighting through woods, as the Prussians know, is an integral part of the art of fighting)—that very sheet of land which, by the extreme poverty of its soil, and also by its proximity to Portsmouth, &c., is pointed out as the fittest spot for the very manœuvring which he, and I, desiderate.

I am, Sir, yours truly,
C. KINGSLEY.

NOTE TO THE ABOVE, BY THE AUTHOR OF THE ARTICLE "ARE WE READY?"

We earnestly hope, with the respected author of the above letter, that the open spaces for which he pleads so eloquently, may remain undescrated by the hands of those who would seek to make a few paltry shillings out of what nature has given us as a national training-ground, where forces of 60,000 to 100,000 men can be easily moved through a country presenting every diversity of surface, hill and dell, wood and river, and intersected by railways sufficient to bring up all requisite supplies. By such manœuvres men would learn to know their officers, and officers their men. The complex mechanism composing a modern army could be tried in all its weak points, when time could be given to ascertain and repair the flaws, not under the influence of wild haste or senseless panic, but calmly and earnestly in that spirit in which alone successful reforms can be made. Most heartily, therefore, do we concur with Mr. Kingsley.

ARMY ORGANIZATION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ARE WE READY?"

DURING that curious phase of English representative institutions that occurred in 1867, when the Liberal party who did not sit on the Treasury bench passed a Radical measure of reform through the Conservative party who did, and when Mr. Gladstone brought forward his famous resolutions on the subject of the Irish Church—it was repeatedly stated that great questions, such as Reform and the Irish Church Establishment, should be taken out of the domain of party politics, and treated by the whole House of Commons as national questions. Is it possible to pass any question through the House of Commons that is not a party question? Can sufficient speakers, to say nothing of listeners, be obtained when questions of national importance are before the House of Commons, if those questions are not party questions?

Party spirit is the very salt of the debate; it is the mainspring which moves the whole machine. And it may be truly said that great questions which involve our well-being as a nation, and which neither party in the State would oppose, take longer to settle than any others. We may instance some of these questions. The reforms of our law courts and methods of legal proceeding are matters of vast importance; how slowly they move, because every one is agreed on the necessity of reform! the questions are identified with neither Conservative nor Liberal.

Reform in our marriage laws is another of these questions; for years every one has acknowledged that those laws are faulty; it was surely easier to reform the law courts, to amend the marriage laws, than to disestablish the Irish Church, yet one has been done, the others hang on. A particular party has made one reform its peculiar property, and has carried it; the others

are every one's business, and consequently few attend to them.

The reasons for this are plain: statesmen have become waiters on the people, not their guides; instead of leading and directing popular feeling into proper channels, they follow whatever channel popular feeling seeks out for itself.

May we not attribute the state of our military institutions to this cause? The nation eagerly desires something, be it reform, be it disestablishment of the Irish Church; it lets its desires be known, and it obtains them. Being entirely ignorant of military matters, it does not know what it wants, or what its deficiencies are; it assumes generally that the Government is responsible somehow; and if the bill is not a big one, it gives a growl or two, and is satisfied.

The questions of military science are not those that touch the vast mass of the people. By the blessing of Almighty Providence, the people of England have not had their attention forced to consider military matters. No armed invader has trod our shores, or desecrated our hearths; we read of such things, but oh! how different it is to read of calamity and to bear it ourselves. Snug in our chairs and comfortable homes, it is so easy to forget those who have neither homes nor food. Such a different thing to read of the horrors of war, to experience them ourselves! Thus it is that military questions in England are not considered except under peculiar circumstances, such as exist at the present moment. At the close of the last parliamentary session an attempt was made by Lord Elcho and one or two members, to induce Parliament to pause before it sanctioned certain very momentous and hastily considered measures, but the result of the division proved how hopeless it was to get such questions considered *then*.

Hence it is that when circumstances like the sudden and astounding overthrow of France take place, and persons who have considered military questions earnestly beg and implore the nation to consider the state of its defences, they obtain perhaps a partial hearing, or their voices are drowned in the outcry, "You are trying to raise an invasion panic." Now we consider panics of all kinds discreditable; it is hard to say to whom most—those who raise, or those who are influenced by them. The military defences of a country may be best compared to an insurance. No man insures his life when in a panic from dangerous illness; no man insures his house when his next-door neighbour is using the fire-escape. Why? Because, under these circumstances, no company would effect the insurance. But men insure their lives and houses long before either the one or the other are threatened; they consider well, they act calmly, before they take such important steps.

Similarly no nation should reform her military institutions under the influence of panics. If she has just cause for her fear under the present circumstances of war, the enemy will be at her throat before she can do anything. If her fears are groundless, ten to one she takes steps far other than those dictated by prudence or reason.

What we seek is not an invasion panic, but a calm thoughtful consideration of an all-important subject—a subject which history tells us we must one day be brought face to face with. When that day comes, the hour for deliberation is past, that of action has arrived; no discussions, no schemes for army organization can then help us. Act we must. "By arms must your enemies be vanquished, by arms the safety of the State maintained. Voting will not make you victorious, but skill in arms will insure to you the right of voting and liberty."¹

The *Times*² asks, What do you want? Do you want a million of men? Half a million, a quarter of a million? What duties do you wish your army to per-

form? To these questions we reply:—We want the military resources of this country so organized that whether she shall be compelled to fight in her own defence on English soil, or whether she be compelled to send an army to continental Europe, the whole force of the nation shall be exerted to attain the desired end. We want the defences of the country put in such a state that the periodical and discreditable panics to which we are liable shall be put an end to. Panics, during the influence of which we make little progress towards improvement, but spend large sums in hasty and ill-matured schemes of reform. Panics during which the War Office is tossed from side to side, swayed by alternate fits of heat and cold, lavish outlay and penurious economy. Panics during which inventors and charlatans seek a cheap notoriety, and too often reap a rich harvest. In seeking these ends we believe that there need be no lavish expenditure, no increase of taxation, and that the funds now voted by Parliament require little increase to attain the ends in view. What then are the means by which these ends may be attained?

The first thing to be done is to recognize the absolute necessity of defence, and the right that the State has to claim the military service of all her children.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer was doubtless perfectly right when he stated at Elgin that the knell of standing armies had sounded. But Mr. Lowe is far too able a man, too deeply versed in political science, too well read in history, not to be equally aware of the truth of the fact he did *not* state, that the death of standing armies is but the birth of armed nations, i.e. nations of trained soldiers. Adam Smith, in the chapter that treats of "The Expenses of the Sovereign," describes the growth of standing armies as being caused by improvements in weapons and the science of war, which necessitated a division of labour in order that the art of war, like all other arts, might be perfected. But he merely hints at another cause which has certainly perpetuated standing armies,—the necessity

¹ Demosthenes.

² *Times*, October 1st.

that exists in most States to have an armed body distinct from the people, dependent on the authority of the sovereign, which may be used, if requisite, to control and coerce the actions of the former, and maintain the power of the latter. Thus we see in all countries where despotic governments are established, or where the will of the people is opposed to the rule of the sovereign, there standing armies have attained their greatest development. It is only in countries where we find free institutions established, or at least where the Government and the people are in full accord, that standing armies can be dispensed with. Thus Russia and Austria have ruled for many years, but through their armies. The bayonets of the Papal army kept the Pope at Rome. The French army, in its worship for the name of Napoleon, maintained the Imperial government.

In Switzerland there is no standing army; in Belgium, but a very small one. In Prussia, although there is a large standing army, yet the loyalty of the nation is such that all the citizens are trained to arms. In the United States of America no standing army, beyond that requisite to hold the Indians in check and garrison the sea-coast forts, is maintained. In this country the accession of the House of Brunswick, the attempts made by the Stuart family, the conquest of India, the disturbed state of Ireland, and the quiet state of England herself up to the year 1832, are the causes of the maintenance of a standing army as an institution distinct from the nation.

As long as Ireland is disaffected, as long as millions of subject races have to be ruled, so long must we maintain a standing army. But as this country may at any moment have to fight for her existence, and as recent events have demonstrated that standing armies on the old system, when opposed to nations trained to arms, have become useless, more or less must we arm and train the whole nation. Thus we have to deal as it were with two distinct and separate stages of civilization.

Very many schemes to meet this diffi-

culty, to give the country a force which shall be efficient for home defence and yet capable of Indian and colonial service, have been before the public during the last month; chief amongst these is that propounded by Lord Elcho in his letter to the *Times* of the 6th October.

Lord Elcho's proposals are: to maintain a standing army by voluntary enlistment as at present; to raise a militia force which is to be the mainstay of the country by partially putting in force the Militia Ballot Act, now annually suspended, and to enlarge the volunteer force enormously by allowing men who belonged to volunteer corps to escape the action of the militia ballot. Now we cannot accept Lord Elcho's proposal as a proper solution of the question, How a national army should be organized?

The great fault of our present system is, we have three different services, not one. We have our regular army, small, badly organized, and extravagantly administered, raised by voluntary enlistment, and officered to a small extent from the military schools, but chiefly by the moneyed classes of the country, who can afford (having private means) to live on the small pay of the British officer, and purchase their promotion.

We have a militia force raised by the same means (but which, if requisite, we might raise by the application of the ballot), and officered by country gentlemen appointed by the patronage of the Lords Lieutenant of counties; and we have a volunteer force, which serves almost entirely without pay, composed of men who for patriotic motives give a portion of their time to the public service. Now here we have three distinct bodies of men, armies they cannot be called, for armies are highly complex organizations, and each of our three services is wanting in some of the elements that would constitute it an army in the true sense of the word.

What we want is to fuse these three together, to break down the barriers between them, to train men in the ranks of the regular army, and pass them into the militia when trained, in order that from thence they may be drawn out as required for emergencies. In peace the mi-

litia should be fed from the regular army, in war it should feed the regular army.

Now, what does Lord Elcho propose to do? He proposes to maintain the present system, and add to its evils those of an army representing class distinctions. Who that reads his proposals but must see that if carried out at no distant period the regular army would become the garrison of India and the colonies, represented in England by depôts merely; that all the old evils of a local army in India would be reproduced; that the militia force would become one filled with all the poorest and most miserable of the population, while the volunteer force would become entirely composed of well-to-do people?

"Ballot for the militia," says he, "would enable regiments of volunteers to be formed, of proper strength, and properly apportioned in districts to population; it would also render any increase of the capitation grant, or even the grant itself, unnecessary; for by means of the ballot we should get that hold upon the well-to-do otiose class which patriotism alone, unfortunately, now in a great measure fails to obtain."¹

No greater condemnation of Lord Elcho's scheme could be given than the foregoing passage. National defence must be viewed from a far higher standpoint than what is best for the regular army, the militia, or volunteer services. It must be looked at as a whole.

Recognizing that the State has the right to the military service of all her citizens for defence of the country, or in case of war—a truth that the ballot laws of the militia fully prove—we conceive that the proper system is to seek the recruits for the regular army by ballot, on the distinct understanding that, except in case of war, they are not to leave the country; and obtain the requisite troops for India and the Colonies by volunteers from amongst these men. Enlist your men for a short period, and *when trained* pass them into the reserve. Thus one great obstacle to the Reserves being efficient will be overcome. *It is*

¹ Lord Elcho's letter to the *Times*, October 18, 1870.

impossible to make the men soldiers by a twenty-one days' training each year; let them be once trained as soldiers, and there can be no difficulty in keeping up their knowledge by such an annual training.

The great objection to what we here propose is, that the nation has, so it is said, an unconquerable aversion to anything approaching the ballot, or a conscription, for the regular army. It might bear such a thing for a militia force, but not for the regular army. If, however, the regular army is localized as the militia is, if the troops for service in India and the Colonies are obtained by volunteers from the mass of the army, the difference between the militia force and the regular army disappears entirely.

Bearing the principles here laid down in mind, we would propose to organize the army in ten *corps d'armée*—seven in England, two in Ireland, and one in Scotland. The head-quarters of these *corps d'armée* might be placed at Manchester, York, Plymouth, Portsmouth, Birmingham; London (two), Cork, Dublin, and Edinburgh.

Each *corps d'armée* would consist of the following:—

Foot Guards, 1st Battalion	900
Cavalry, two regiments	1,200
Do. for India, 1 regiment	600
<i>Reserve Cavalry</i> , 3 regiments	1,200
Field Artillery, six batteries	700
Do. do. for India, 3 batteries	300
Horse Artillery, 4 batteries	600
Do. do. for India, 2 batteries	300
Garrison Artillery	800
Do. do. for India	200
<i>Reserve Artillery</i> , 2 regiments	1,200
Engineers, 1 battalion	800
<i>Reserve Engineers</i> , 1 battalion	400
12 Battalions of Regular Infantry ...	9,600
8 Battalions for India and Colonies ..	6,400
12 Battalions of the 1st Reserve	13,000
12 do. do. 2nd Reserve	14,000
12 Battalions of Volunteers	say 12,000
Army Service Corps	400
<i>Reserve Army Service Corps and Civilian Employés</i>	1,600

The total regular force would then be for one *corps d'armée* 22,800 men, of whom 7,800 would be in India or the Colonies and 15,000 in England. *The reserve force of each corps d'armée would be 43,400. Adding a cipher to each of these numbers, we get for the whole force:*

Regular troops for United Kingdom	150,000
Do. for India and Colonies	78,000
Reserve Troops and Volunteers	434,000
Total army at home and abroad ...	662,000

These figures may seem very appalling, but a slight examination of them will show that the increase is almost entirely in the reserve forces.

The army estimates of this year provided for a force of regular troops of 177,955. Parliament has since provided for an additional number of 20,000, making 197,955. We propose a total force of regular troops of 228,000, being an increase on the present number of 30,145 only.

Each *corps d'armée* would thus be complete with all arms of the service; it would be an army in itself; its generals and staff would know one another, and be accustomed to work together; the twelve regular battalions would be the school where the reserves would learn their work. The reserve battalions, wearing the same uniform, with the exception of the shoulder-cord, would cherish the same *esprit de corps* as the regulars. The whole army would be fused together, and spreading its roots wide, and striking deep into the social system of the country, would become a veritable national army—a nation trained to arms. Assuming that, for political or other causes, it is desirable to reduce the regular army, the number annually balloted for may be reduced, and the battalions cut down from 800 to 700 or 600, without disturbing the arrangements, the *cadres* in all cases remaining the same. The Cabinet of the day could thus easily adjust the number of regular troops to the wants of the country, and increase the reserves proportionally, by simply shortening the period of service with the regular army, and increasing it in the reserves.

To carry out this scheme, men must be enlisted for short periods, and we would propose as the normal periods, three years in the infantry; four years in the first reserve, with an annual training of twenty-one days; and five years in the second reserve, with an annual training of eight days. In the cavalry, a service of five years in the

ranks and ten in the reserve, with an annual training of twenty-one days. In the Artillery and Engineers, a service of seven years in the ranks and eight in the reserve. For Volunteers for Indian and Colonial service, ten years in the ranks, service in the reserve to be optional.

The existing organization of the Army affords many facilities for carrying out such a scheme. There are at present 3 regiments of foot guards, composed of 7 battalions, 109 regiments of infantry of the line composed of 130 battalions, and 31 cavalry regiments. Of the 109 regiments 43 have no county title or appellation, 66 have, and were originally the militia regiments of the counties whose names they bear. There are 130 county regiments of militia infantry, and 32 regiments of militia artillery. To carry out the proposed scheme, 10 battalions of guards, 120 battalions of regular infantry for the home army, and 80 for the Colonies, are required; and, as first reserves, 120 battalions of militia infantry and 20 regiments of militia artillery. Hence, all that would be required is to adjust the numbers of the battalions to the population of the districts. There are three questions, however, involved in all schemes for the re-organization of the military forces of the nation, which must not be omitted. These questions are—

(1.) How can such a force be officered and provided with non-commissioned officers?

(2.) What would be its money cost, as compared with that of the existing army?

(3.) How will the operation of such a scheme as we have described affect the nation?

1st. Among the fallacies that the recent war has exploded, is the fallacy that the best officers are to be found amongst the non-commissioned officers, or, in other words, are to be obtained from the ranks. The most striking point of comparison between the armies of the two belligerents is, the great discipline of the one, the lax discipline of the other—the respect with which the Prussian officer is treated, the disrespect shown to the French officer by his men. The cause of this is not far to seek. The former

is, perhaps, the most aristocratic, the latter the most democratic, of European armies. One-third of all the officers of the latter, none of those of the former, come from the ranks. The Prussian officer has clearly proved the truth of Sir Charles Napier's opinion, that the best officer is a needy gentleman.

In the English army, the scientific corps obtain their officers entirely from the Military Academy at Woolwich, an institution which, with all its faults—and they are not few—has given the country the most valuable officers it possesses.

The remainder of the regular army is officered by young men who pass a certain examination, and are nominated by the Commander-in-Chief. A few only obtain their commissions from Sandhurst. The former, almost entirely, purchase their commissions, the commissions without purchase being reserved for young men from Sandhurst who compete for the commission as a reward of superior attainments.

The officers of the militia and the volunteers are men with no military training, and are appointed by the lords-lieutenant of the counties.

Every year, large numbers of officers leave the army, either by the sale of their commissions, by going on half or full pay, or even by simple resignation. No attempt whatever is made to utilize the military knowledge these men (at the expense of the State) have acquired; they are simply allowed to sink back into the ranks of the people, and are lost sight of. True, there is one officer (the adjutant) and some non-commissioned officers in each regiment of militia and volunteers; but the method of appointment of the adjutant¹ is not such as insures a first-class officer being obtained, and both he and the non-commissioned staffs are allowed to continue so long in their appointments that they become too often perfectly effete.

To provide a national army with officers, we must make a certain amount of military education national too, and means should be adopted to encourage the

appointment of military professors at all the public schools; the duty of these professors would be to instruct in military history, surveying, and drawing. Sandhurst, both the cadets' college and the staff college, should be the place where practical instruction should be obtained prior to actual appointment.

No pension, half-pay, or retiring allowance of any kind (except for wounds or ill-health) should be given to an officer that does not bind him to serve in the reserves; and with this view small rates of half-pay and pension should be given to induce officers to retire. The benefits of such a system are manifest; promotion in the regular army would be accelerated, and consequently men would get into positions of trust before their energy was dead, their enthusiasm destroyed. Numerous officers quitting the service, and seeking openings in civil life, would carry into the reserve forces that military instinct, that spirit of obedience which is so requisite. As far as possible these men should be retained in the regiments in which they originally served; meeting the soldiers whom they knew in the regular battalions at the annual trainings would give that bond of union between the officer and the soldier which is so desirable.

A system of retirement for the non-purchase branches of the Army (the artillery, engineers, and marines) was proposed by a special committee of the House of Commons in 1867, based upon small pensions at an early date. This system has since been applied to the marines by Mr. Childers; but although five of the members of that committee are members of the present Government, the artillery and engineers have not had the benefit of the proposals made by the special committee, one reason being assigned, amongst others, that young men would retire and the country lose their services, as if the very object of the committee was not to get rid of young men to make way for still younger ones. Coupling the principles which governed Mr. Childers's committee with the rule we would make absolute, that all half-pay or pension carries with it the obligation

¹ The qualification is too often the possession of a certain sum of money. It is said a militia adjutancy is worth £2,500.

to serve in the reserve forces, we consider that these forces might be supplied with a large leaven of well-trained officers,—men who, while employed in civil life, would look to their annual training and the meeting again with old friends and old usages as a pleasing relaxation.

2nd. What would the money cost be as compared with the existing army?

Mr. Cardwell states the net charge of the Army for the year 1870-71 as £11,762,200; of this sum, £2,296,800 is dead weight, or pay for non-effective service, leaving the actual cost of the Army as it now stands at £9,465,400 (the largest of these sums is 3½ millions less than the fifteen millions so often spoken of as the cost of the Army). We conceive that, by localizing the Army, the cost of moving troops about might be greatly reduced. Marriage, except for certain non-commissioned officers, should be forbidden, it being no hardship for men enlisted at nineteen years of age to wait from three to seven years before they can marry. This would cause an important saving. Pensions would be almost entirely done away with for the rank and file, and the vote for non-effective services cut down certainly one-half. These savings would amount to nearly two millions; and if the old and extravagant estimate of £100 per man be still maintained, a million more than that now spent would give the 30,000 additional men, and still keep the cost of the Army within reasonable limits.

It might taken as follows:—

Cost of Army, 1870-71	£11,762,200
Add money voted recently by House of Commons	2,000,000
Actual cost	£13,762,200
Add for 30,000 men	3,000,000
	£16,762,200
Deduct savings as indicated previously	1,800,000
Estimated cost	£14,962,200

3rd. What will be the effect of such a scheme on the nation? The effect¹

¹ If the Government of the day think it requisite to call for the whole number, but there are many cases where such a course would not be requisite.

will be to withdraw about 50,000 young men each year at the age of nineteen from civil pursuits and place them in the Army; about 35,000 of these will be returned at the end of three years, the remainder at the end of periods varying from five to ten years. As 250,000 men reach the age of nineteen each year, this will be equivalent to a tax of one in five. Now this may be viewed in two different ways, either as an injury, by debarring young men from learning their trades or professions at a very important time of life, or as a decided benefit, by compelling them to undergo a certain amount of discipline and restraint at a period in life when such discipline is peculiarly advantageous, and tends to confirm good character and eradicate vicious propensities. We are disposed to think that the latter is the correct view. It has been well said, "that most men's lives are what the years from nineteen to twenty-three make them," and we consider that great social benefits may accrue from compelling a portion of the youth of the country to spend those years under a certain amount of discipline, coupled as it should be with careful instruction. If we were asked to name the chief failing amongst young men of the present day, we should say impatience of discipline, providence, and recklessness for the future.

The elegant and learned historian of the Life of Marcus Tullius Cicero, after describing how Rome, once the mistress of the world, had fallen, adds, "While Britain, anciently the jest and contempt of the polite Roman, is become the happy seat of liberty, plenty, and letters, flourishing in all the arts and refinements of civil life; yet running, perhaps, the same course which Rome itself had run before it, from virtuous industry to wealth, from wealth to luxury, from luxury to an impatience of discipline and corruption of morals; till, by a total degeneracy and loss of virtue, being grown ripe for destruction, it falls a prey at last to some hardy oppressor, and, with the loss of liberty losing everything else that is valuable, it sinks gradually again into its original barbarism."

[THE Editor has received the following communication from Mr. Ruskin on a statement in the paper contained in the October number of this Magazine, which, in deference to Mr. Ruskin's eminent position, he inserts entire, though contrary to usual practice in such cases. In so doing, the Editor is empowered and requested by the author of the article to express his regret at having been led by a slip of memory into making an inaccurate statement.]

DENMARK HILL, S.E.

14th Oct. 1870.

To the Editor of MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,—At p. 423 of your current number, Mr. Stopford A. Brooke states that it is a proposal of mine for regenerating the country, that the poor should be "dressed all in one sad-coloured costume."

It is, indeed, too probable that one sad-coloured costume may soon be "your only wear," instead of the present motley—for both poor and rich. But the attainment of this monotony was never a proposition of mine; and as I am well aware that Mr. Brooke would not have been guilty of misrepresentation, if he had had time to read the books he was speaking of, I am sure he will concur in my request that you would print in full the passages to which he imagined himself to be referring.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

1. "You ladies like to lead the fashion: by all means lead it. Lead it thoroughly. Lead it far enough. Dress yourselves nicely, and dress everybody else nicely. Lead the fashions for the poor first; make *them* look well, and you yourselves will look—in ways of which you have at present no conception—all the better."—*Crown of Wild Olive* (1866), p. 18.

2. "In the simplest and clearest definition of it, economy, whether public or private, means the wise management of labour; and it means this mainly in three senses: namely, first applying your labour rationally; secondly, preserving its produce carefully; lastly, distributing its produce seasonably.

"I say first, applying your labour rationally; that is, so as to obtain the most precious things you can, and the

most lasting things by it: not growing oats in land where you can grow wheat, nor putting fine embroidery on a stuff that will not wear. Secondly, preserving its produce carefully; that is to say, laying up your wheat wisely in storehouses for the time of famine, and keeping your embroidery watchfully from the moth:—and lastly, distributing its produce seasonably; that is to say, being able to carry your corn at once to the place where the people are hungry, and your embroideries to the places where they are gay; so fulfilling in all ways the wise man's description, whether of the queenly housewife or queenly nation: 'She riseth while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens. She maketh herself coverings of tapestry, her clothing is silk and purple. Strength and honour are in her clothing, and she shall rejoice in time to come.'

"Now you will observe that in this description of the perfect economist, or mistress of a household, there is a studied expression of the balanced division of her care between the two great objects of utility and splendour:—in her right hand, food and flax, for life and clothing; in her left hand, the purple and the needlework, for honour and for beauty. . . . And in private and household economy you may always judge of its perfectness by its fair balance between the use and the pleasure of its possessions: you will see the wise cottager's garden trimly divided between its well-set vegetables and its fragrant flowers: you will see the good housewife taking pride in her pretty tablecloth and her glittering shelves, no less than in her well-dressed dish and full store-room: the care in her countenance will alternate with gaiety; and though you will reverence her in her seriousness, you will know her best by her smile."—*Political Economy of Art* (1857), pp. 10—13.